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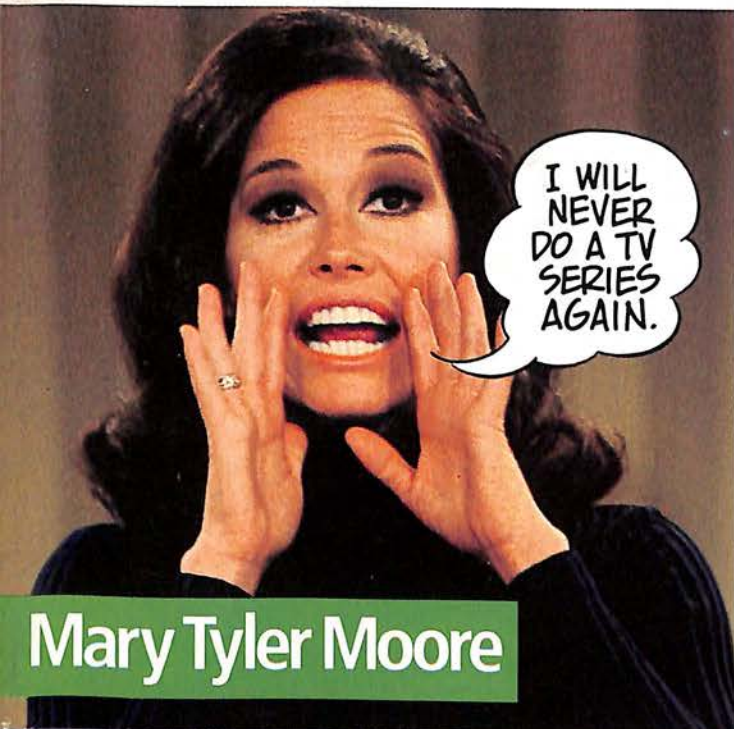
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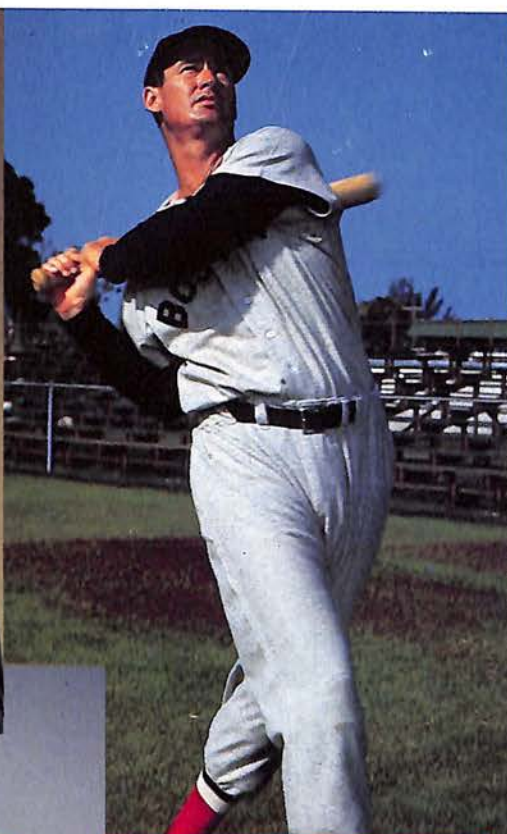
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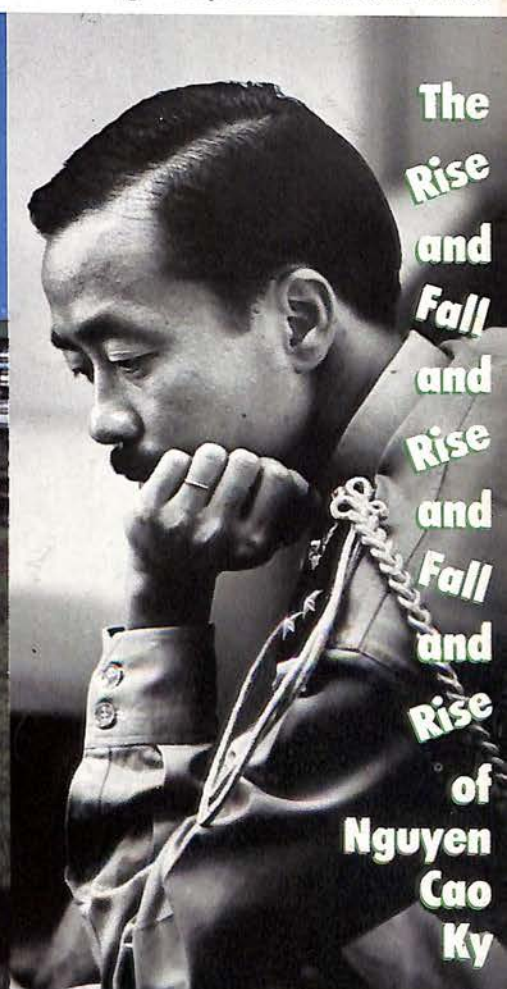


Mary Tyler Moore

I WILL
NEVER
DO A TV
SERIES
AGAIN.



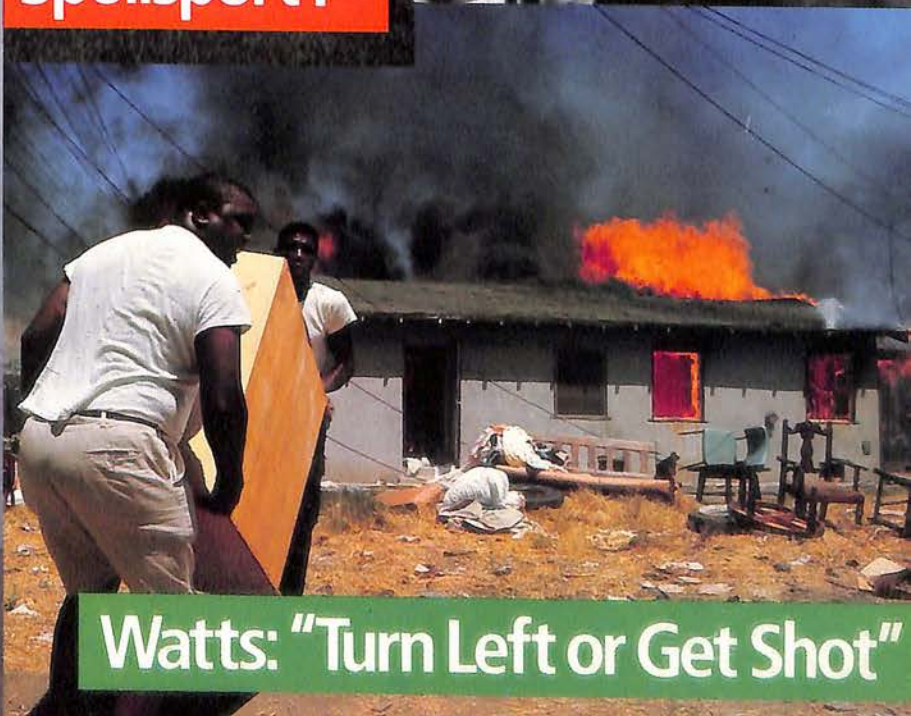
Ted Williams:
Spoilsport?



The
Rise
and
Fall
and
Rise
and
Fall
and
Rise
of
Nguyen
Cao
Ky

Who
Was
Fred
Astaire's
Favorite
Dance
Partner?

(Hint:
It Wasn't
Ginger
Rogers)



Watts: "Turn Left or Get Shot"

06170



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Memories

VOLUME THREE, NUMBER FOUR, AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1990

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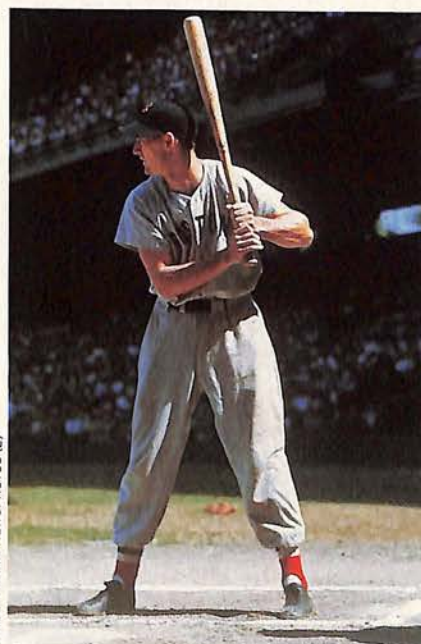
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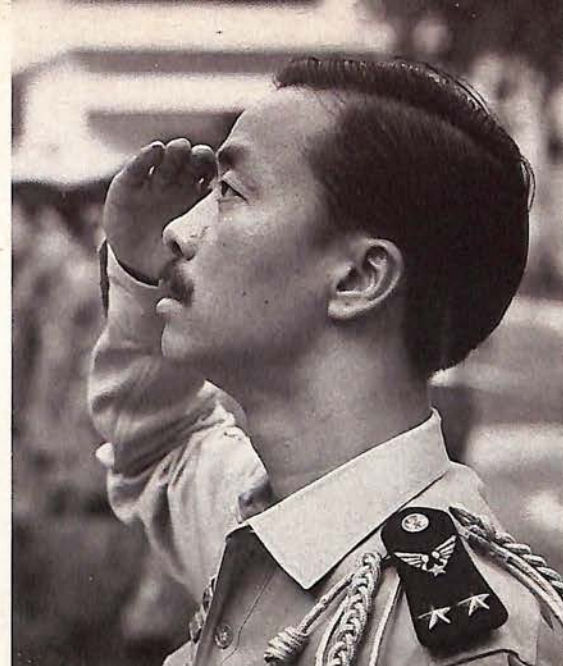
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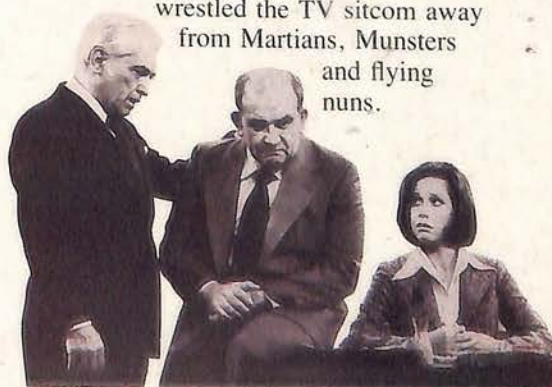
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Getting the Picture

“I WOULD LIKE TO COMMEND YOU ON YOUR EXCELLENT CHOICE OF PHOTOGRAPHS in every issue,” writes a reader in Cincinnati. “I must complement your picture editor. Her photographs are worth at least a thousand words,” seconds another reader in Queens, N.Y. From Mexico a third fan is heard: “Thank you very much. After being unable to get a copy of Karsh’s portrait of Sir Winston Churchill in over three years of looking, thanks to you I now have one to go along with my collection of his incomparable books.”

If anything, this reader refrain understates the contribution of our picture editor, Donna Bender (and her able assistant, Wendy Leonard), to the proposition that this magazine has been dedicated to from its first issue: Great articles are a marriage of great writing and great photography. Part detective, part researcher, part curator, the tireless Donna ransacks the dusty files of picture agencies, tracks down private photo collections and finds just the right photographers for special assignments.

For each and every photograph that appears in a layout, Donna has given Art Director Ellen Blissman and me a dozen to choose from (often as not, she has culled that dozen from a hundred or more). And sometimes, she goes back to beat the bushes for even more images.

“There are very few days that I don’t take this job home with me,” she says. “I’m constantly waking up in the middle of the night to make a mental note about the whereabouts of a photograph, wondering if I got a photo credit right or worrying whether a photographer I’ve hired will be able to get just the shot we want.”

When it comes to assigned photography, “the challenge is getting the picture that’s in my head into the photographer’s head, out of the camera and onto the page, hoping nothing gets lost in the translation.”

The only thing more vexing than an image lost in translation is one lost in transit. “That’s the worst part,” she says, “the billing, the trafficking and the sea of paperwork that goes with getting thousands of photos in and out, every issue.”

Donna, who holds master’s degrees in anthropology and library science, keeps telling me that if she weren’t such an organized person we’d need 10 people to do her job. Maybe, but I keep telling her she has the greatest job in publishing.

Get the picture?



■ Donna Bender: Sleepless nights.

Carey Winfrey

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Jill Munroe,
Charlie's Angels



Stacy Keach
Van Nuys High School 1959
Van Nuys, Calif.

Mike Hammer



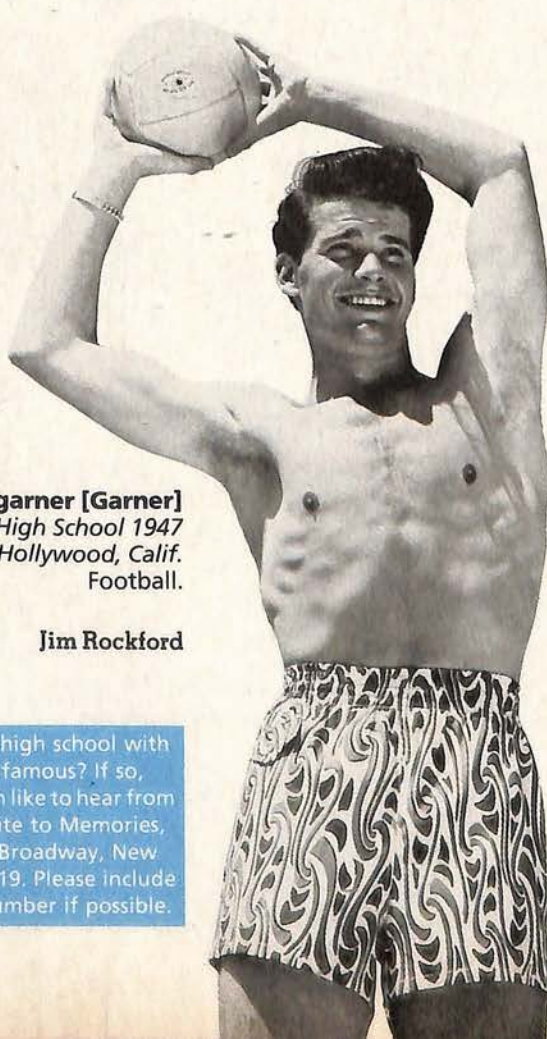
Cheryl Stoppelmoor [Ladd]
Huron Senior High School 1969
Huron, S.D.
G.A.A., Spanish Club,
Thespians (Sec.), Drama, Choir,
Ensemble Work, Treble Clef,
Varsity Cheerleader, Session
Officer (Vice Pres.), Senior
Elections, Girls State
(Alternate), Homecoming
Attendant, Prom Comm., Tiger
Day Float Comm., Miss
Holiday.

Kris Munroe, *Charlie's Angels*



James Bumgarner [Garner]
Hollywood High School 1947
Hollywood, Calif.
Football.

Jim Rockford



Did you go to high school with someone now famous? If so, we'd very much like to hear from you. Please write to Memories, Dept. Y, 1633 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Please include your phone number if possible.

Stefanie Powers
Hollywood High School 1960
Hollywood, Calif.

Jennifer Hart



Burton L. Reynolds

*Palm Beach High School 1954
West Palm Beach, Fla.*

"Buddy." Activities: Football, Track, Jr. and Sr. Superlative, Jr. Play, Key Club, Lettermen's Club, Student Council, Frond Staff, Basketball, B or Better Club. Life's Goal: To be as well liked as my father, and always have the friends I have now.

B. L. Stryker,
ABC Saturday Mystery

**Ellen [Jaclyn] Smith**

*Mirabeau B. Lamar Senior
High School 1964
Houston, Tex.*

(June) National Thespian Society, Secretary '63; Kachina; Lamar-O-Liers; Modern Dance Club; Gym Leader.

Christine Cromwell,
ABC Saturday Mystery

**Richard Arnold Roundtree**

*New Rochelle High School 1961
New Rochelle, N.Y.*

"Tree." "Athletics builds towards character." Varsity Football; Basketball; Track; Varsity Letters; Boys Club; Y.M.C.A.; Vice Pres., Phi Sigma Beta; Vice Pres., W.T.F.; Dancing; Horseback Riding; Jazz; Swimming; Water Skiing; Skin Diving; Drawing. Future: College or Trade School.

John Shaft

**Robert Michael Urich**

*Toronto High School 1964
Toronto, Ohio*

"Igor." Senior Activities: Flag Bearer, Football Co-Captain, Basketball, Varsity 'T' Club, Senior Class Play, Junior-Senior Choir, Choir Council, Music Contest State Winner, Hi-Y Club, Boys League Vice President, Dean's Assistant.

Spenser

**Tom Selleck**

*U.S. Grant High School 1962
Van Nuys, Calif.
Basketball.*

Tom Magnum

**Cybill Shepherd**

*East High School 1968
Memphis, Tenn.*

Charms strike the sight and merits win the soul. Cheerleader 1; Homeroom Officer 1; Pep Club 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 3; Math Club 4; Science Club 4; East High Science Fair 1st Place; Homecoming Queen Candidate 4; Hall of Fame Most Attractive 4.

Maddie Hayes, Moonlighting

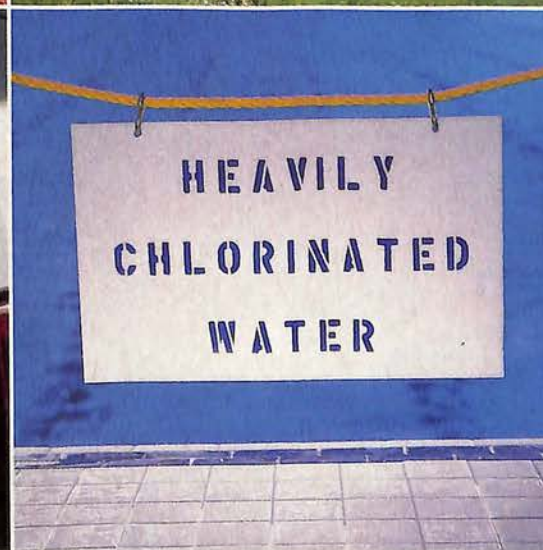
**Bruce Walter Willis**

*Penns Grove High School 1973
Penns Grove, N.J.*

"Buck," College Prep. Student Council 1, 2, 3, Pres.; Perculator Blues: Harps; Jr. Play, "D.C.5"; Sr. Trip; Judy in Kty.; Boogie Baby; C.L.A.W.; Painting PMHS; MM at gino's; Fun at "Y"; Spec. Conc.; Jr. Trip & food fights; "Magic Dick" Cruisin. Future: To become deliriously happy or a professional harp player.

David Addison, Moonlighting





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My Father, My Boss

By Rhena Schweitzer Miller

My father, Albert Schweitzer, died at midnight between the 3d and 4th of September in 1965. He was 90 and had been ill for a week, most of that time in a coma. At six the next morning we rang the bell at Lambarene, our hospital community in Gabon on Africa's west coast. We didn't need to make an announcement; everyone knew what it meant.

He had spent his life doing rigorous work. A biblical scholar and philosopher as well as a medical doctor, my father left his home in Alsace, Germany, in 1913 and, with my mother, a nurse, traveled by paddlewheel up Gabon's Ogooue River to Lambarene. There he carved from the jungle a clinic that brought modern medicine to the natives, and he worked there for more than 50 years. He believed that patients could best be cared for—bathed and fed—by their families, so, almost from the beginning, Lambarene resembled a typical Gabonese village, complete with children and livestock running free.

My father had many visitors there, some of them dignitaries, others tourists, and he always showed them around personally and posed for pictures with them. When he got older and no longer did surgery, he would spend most of his time at "la grande pharmacie," the large room where patients came for emergency treatment and where medicine was distributed. My father would sit at his desk there, filling out orders for drugs and consulting with the doctors who came to seek his advice. He was also very involved in construction work for the hospital. Just before his death he put great effort into new buildings. He worried that when he was gone it would be more difficult for his successor to finish the work. He said he didn't want any patient turned away for lack of accommodation.

In the last five years of my father's life, I was a medical technologist at Lambare-

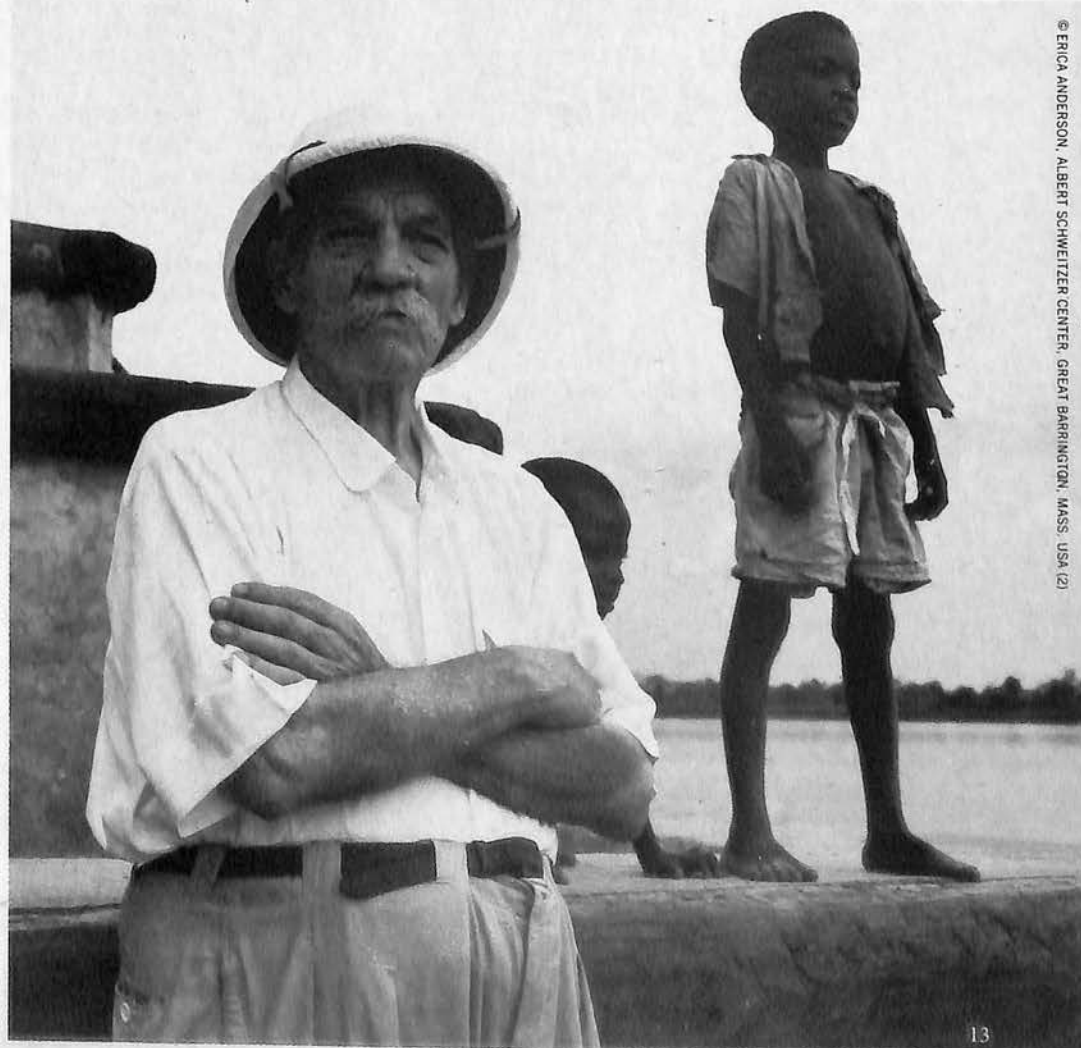
ne. So Dr. Schweitzer was not only my father, he was also my boss. He wasn't an easy man to work for, but I made this distinction: During the day he was my boss, whose authority I accepted; in the evening he was my father. I would come to him to say good night, and then I would speak my piece. I wanted to change certain things—sanitary conditions needed improving, the hospital needed modernization. He tolerated my talk, but he'd say, "You can do all of that after my death."

Shortly before he died he asked me to take over as administrator. It came as a great surprise. I felt very unprepared, since most of the time I had kept to my own work, running tests in the laboratory. I tried to rise to the occasion, but my five

years as an administrator were very hard. My father had been the spiritual center of the hospital, and suddenly that was gone.

My father had a caring but paternalistic relationship with the Africans. He would tell them, "I am your brother, but I am your *older* brother." Of course, he felt that way about everyone he worked with. Many negative things about his paternalistic attitude and the lack of modern facilities at the hospital were written about him, but criticism never bothered him. He felt he had come to help the people because of what the white men had done to them, introducing alcohol and otherwise exploiting them. And he did help them, but always as the *older* brother.

I had married young and had four children. I raised them in Switzerland. On one



© ERICA ANDERSON, ALBERT SCHWEITZER CENTER, GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS. USA (2)

For more than 50 years Schweitzer brought medical care to Gabon's natives. "I am your brother," he'd say, "but your older brother."

I R E M E M B E R

of my visits to Lambarene—after the death of my mother in 1957—I saw that the hospital needed a modern laboratory. By then my children were nearly grown, so, in my 40's, I went back to school to become a laboratory technologist. I had always wanted to study medicine, but the funny thing is, my father didn't want me to. I think he thought it was too hard a job for a woman, though he had quite a lot of female doctors at his hospital and was quite happy with their work.

My father could really surprise you with such opinions. That was one of his charms. You could never really anticipate him. You could like him or not, you could agree or disagree with him, but you could never be indifferent to him. He could be very angry with you one moment, but then he would make up for it in kindness.

Once, I nearly burned down the hospital. I made an experiment in the lab, not really thinking about the danger. Suddenly there was an explosion and flames everywhere. It was extinguished quickly, but I felt terrible because the laboratory was right beside "la grande pharmacie," where my father was sitting. I thought he would throw me out of the hospital. There I stood, very pale and shaking, when he came in and put his hand on my shoulder and told me not to take it so hard.

My mother was a beautiful woman. She became a nurse to work with Father. In 1913, when they left Europe, Africa was thought of as the Dark Continent. My mother's family was not very happy about her going. But she was as stubborn, in her way, as my father; she had her own opinions. The first years she worked with him she did everything—assisted him in operations, gave anesthesia, took care of the household, which must have been difficult, since there were termites and ants everywhere. The ants would invade the coop and kill the chickens.

Despite the hardships, I think she must have been happiest during those early years at Lambarene. The most terrible time for her and my father came after the outbreak of World War I. Since my parents were German citizens and Gabon was a French colony, they were arrested as prisoners of war.

At first they were interned in their hospital, where my father began work on *The Philosophy of Civilization*, probably his

most important book. After several months he was once again permitted to treat patients, but he was greatly saddened by the war and continued reading and searching for the basis of an ethical philosophy. One evening at sunset, the words "reverence for life" came to him. Good, he reasoned, consists of maintaining, assisting and enhancing life, while evil consists of destroying, harming and hindering it. This became the fundamental principle



The author was born in 1919, on her father's birthday.

of morality on which my father based his life and work.

In 1917 my parents were brought to Europe and interned in a prison camp in the Pyrenees in the French town of Gavrais. Later they were moved to another camp, in Saint-Remy in the South of France. Years before it had been a psychiatric institution. Van Gogh spent the last days of his life there. And I was conceived there.

My father was very robust; my mother wasn't. She had had tuberculosis as a young girl, and during the four years they were incarcerated, it recurred. From then on hers became a life of sacrifice. She would never again be able to work beside my father at Lambarene, which had been her aim in life. So when people say to me, "Your father made so many sacrifices," I answer, "No, he had a hard life, but he lived it exactly as he wanted to; my mother, she made the sacrifices."

After the war, my father returned to Lambarene. He built a house for my mother and me in the Black Forest in Germany and that's where I grew up. When Hitler came to power, in 1933, we moved to Switzerland. Mother occasionally visited Lambarene, but she could never again be my father's helpmate. It was very hard for

her to watch others assist him in the way that she once had.

I scarcely knew my father when I was a child. When he came to visit for a few days, he would be very nice. He tried very hard to be a good father, but he was 44 when I was born and fatherhood didn't come easily to him. I was awed by him. From Lambarene he wrote me charming letters about all the animals there, but I only got to know him when I went to work for him. A colleague once said, "I've heard only one person ever stand up to Dr. Schweitzer, and that was his daughter." Perhaps if I had been around him more when I was a child, I would not have been able to.

My father was very interested in organ building; he wrote a book about it. He was also a wonderful interpreter of Bach and wrote a book about Bach and his music as well. Hearing him practice in Lambarene was extraordinary. There you'd be, the wind moving through the palm trees and mixing with the sounds of the frogs and the chickadees and the drums from the nearby villages. It was quite moving. Lambarene is a beautiful and majestic place.

I don't think people there were even aware of my father's winning the Nobel Peace Prize in 1953. He used the money he won to build roofs for the leprosy colony. One might have asked, "What has he really done for peace?" Up to that point he had spoken out rather timidly about the dangers of nuclear arms and nuclear testing. But once he got the Prize he felt a new responsibility to speak out against these things and he worked very hard to do so. As a doctor he was very aware of the hazards. In 1957 he made the first worldwide broadcast warning about nuclear dangers; three more followed in 1958.

Toward the end of his life, he told me that he was unhappy that nuclear testing had resumed. He felt he ought to launch another appeal, but he was too tired. I think it was one of the few times he felt that he hadn't managed to do what he had set out to.

People often say to me, "Oh, your father was such a wonderful man, he was a saint." It makes me angry. He certainly wasn't a saint. He was stubborn and impatient. He was hard on himself and sometimes hard on the people who worked for him. But he was a fascinating man. He had this vitality, this charisma. When you were with him you knew that this was someone quite exceptional. ■

RHENA SCHWEITZER MILLER and her husband, Dr. David Miller, spent many years in developing countries advising on nutrition and health care. They now live in Georgia.

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CASSIA BARK FROM INDOCHINA



Kent State

MARK GOODMAN'S ARTICLE BROUGHT BACK memories, all right . . . memories of how a vicious, tiny minority of antiwar activists inserted themselves most effectively into the newsmaking process, at the cost of four lives. And while the media dutifully registered the range of justifiable emotions from sadness to indignation to outrage, the few that ransacked downtown Kent, torched the R.O.T.C. building and urged a violent confrontation with armed troops celebrated their success.

The real tragedy is that the strategy worked at such a cost.

GREGG W. JACOBSEN
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

THOSE WHO MISS THE CONNECTION BETWEEN Kent State and Tiananmen Square, the civil rights movement, apartheid, Romania and the Berlin Wall are also missing the boat. Freedom can be abridged in a democracy just as it can in a dictatorship. Soldiers to students, the feelings of all require recognition. But killing is a step backward, no matter the reason.

MICHAEL PRUSAK
Shawano, Wis.

MARK GOODMAN'S LAST PARAGRAPH IS PURE opinion. Like millions of others, I have a different view of the Vietnam War, and I bristled at Goodman's calling it "misguided and murderous." Do you think all your readers move in lock-step with him?

[But] Goodman's slanted story is brilliantly counterpointed by Lance Morrow ["Wolves of Significance"]. I would have passed over that page except for the byline. Before I began, I knew it would be the best piece in the issue.

BRYAN ALEKSICH
Idyllwild, Calif.

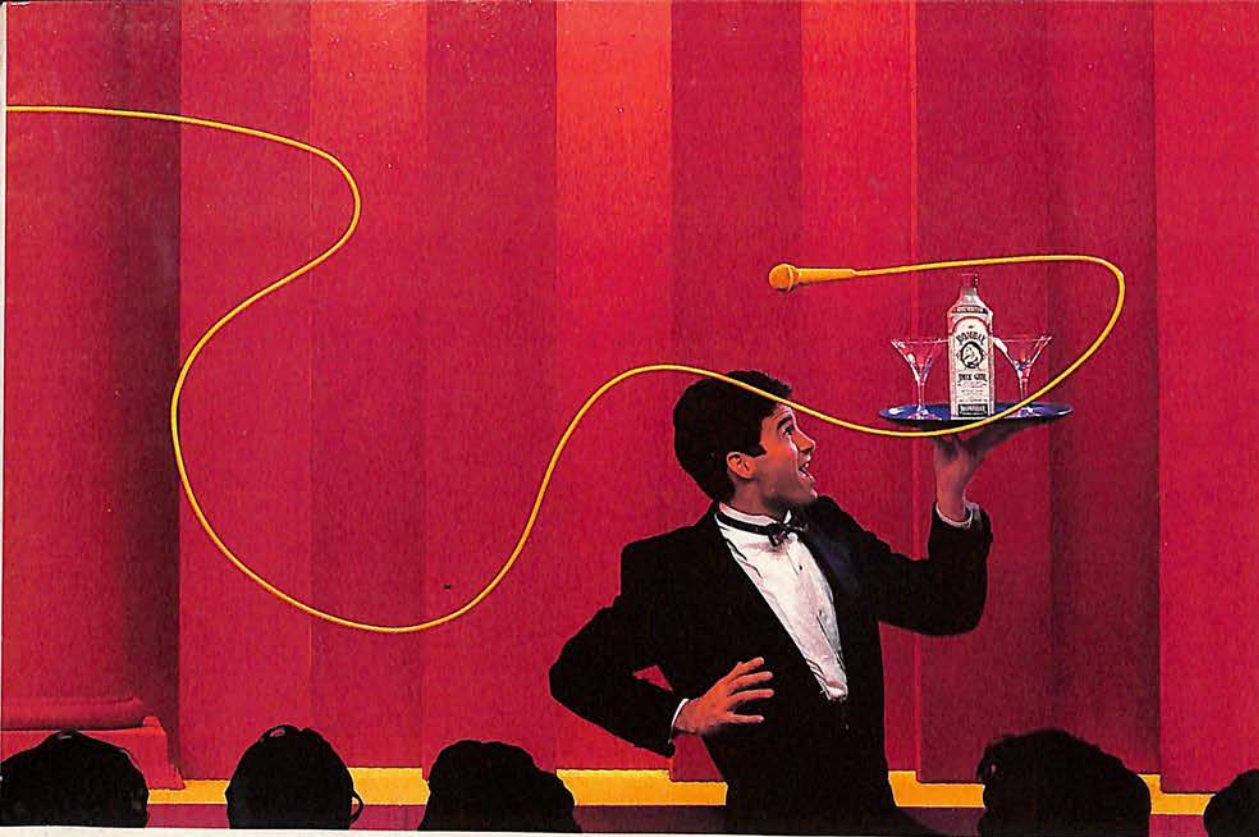
HOW QUICKLY WE FORGET. LANCE MORROW'S "Wolves of Significance" is a bland exercise in revisionism that we Kent State survivors have seen and heard a thousand times. If the Vietnam Memorial in Washington (as opposed to the Kent State shootings) moves Mr. Morrow to "real grief," then he forgets that had there not been bravery at Kent State as well as in Vietnam, then that wall could be three times as long as it is. Perhaps there would also be another memorial somewhere in Miami to U.S. soldiers killed in Nicaragua.

Vietnam was a national tragedy, but it was no more than a dirty little imperialist war and a chance for America's war machine to enrich itself. *That* is the real calamity of the deaths of more than 50,000 young, valiant men and women.

Kent State was the clash between America's promise and America's actuality. Are we a nation of free ideas and brotherly love, or are we an unfeeling war machine that prefers death bombers at \$500 million a crack to our own flesh and blood sleeping on sidewalks and begging for change?

ROBERT STAMPS
San Diego, Calif.

PRESIDENT REAGAN WAS NEVER ON THE KENT State campus. I believe Lance Morrow confused Kent State with Bowling Green



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ALMONDS FROM INDOCHINA



LEMON PEEL FROM SPAIN



ORRIS (IRIS ROOT) FROM ITALY



LICORICE FROM INDOCHINA

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State, which Mr. Reagan visited on Sept. 26, 1984.

PROF. JERRY M. LEWIS
Kent State University
Kent, Ohio

Bouquets

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR SUBSTANTIVE, double-barreled tribute to Edward R. Murrow, who brought to broadcast news the courage and dedication that is so sadly lacking today. I was an "overnight" news writer at CBS on March 9, 1954, and I shall never forget the cables that poured in after Mr. Murrow's historic exposure of Senator McCarthy. Not only did the positive messages outnumber the negatives by 10 to one, but there was a qualitative difference as well. Those viewers who supported Mr. Murrow's telecast were quite obviously ordinary people, who expressed their thanks for being liberated from the toxic wave of fear engulfing our country. By contrast, the negatives were filled with hatred and irrational slogans. Some were addressed to "Red" Murrow. Others carried anonymous threats.

Edward R. Murrow certainly deserves the lion's share of credit for a program that made a historic difference. At the same time, I tip my

hat to CBS president William Paley for allowing the program to be aired. It was a calculated risk: Mr. Murrow risked his career, Mr. Paley, his network.

AUSTIN GOODRICH
Milwaukee, Wis.

I FIND IT HARD TO FIND TIME TO READ 400-PAGE biographies on John Kennedy and Dwight Eisenhower. However, *MEMORIES* has done it for me in just one issue. I'm ecstatic about your magazine. "The Making of a President" was useful and informative, and "The U-2 Affair" was insightful and something new to me. Thank you for the new learning experience.

LEONARDO D. STIFFEL
Baltimore, Md.

I CANNOT BELIEVE THE SUBJECT MATTER IN YOUR magazine. When I sent for it, I expected small remembrances of past events, old photos, etc. What I got was so much more. I am actually learning history and the current events I didn't pay much attention to when they were happening. I feel I can contribute more to conversations now that I understand the background of many of today's topics, such as the Selma March.

CAROL ORR
Rio Linda, Calif.

Brickbats

IN "50 YEARS AGO" YOU SAID SIKORSKY LEADS the world in helicopter manufacture, with 9,187 built during the past 50 years. Though Sikorsky was a pioneer in rotary wing flight, Bell Helicopter Textron and its licensees have built more than 32,000 Bells since 1946.

RICHARD TIPTON
Bell Helicopter Textron
Fort Worth, Tex.

REGARDING AN ITEM IN "25 YEARS AGO": THE first game played in the Astrodome involved the Houston Colt 45's, not the Astros. They became the Astros later.

EDWARD CLOHESSY
Largo, Fla.

THERE WAS AN ERROR IN "AND THE WINNER Is . . ." Louise Fletcher won an Oscar as Best Actress, not Best Supporting Actress, for *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

JOHN A. BURKE
Collingswood, N.J.

We welcome your letters. Please address correspondence to: *Memories*, 1633 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. You should include your address and telephone number for verification. Letters may be edited for clarity and length.



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FILM FESTIVAL

A Certain Smile



LOU VALENTINO COLLECTION

BLOND CHEAT (1938) with Derrick de Marney. "From my expression, it should have been called *The Dying Duck*."



PHOTOFEST

NO MORE LADIES (1935) with Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery. "I was 18 and playing a rival to Joan Crawford, and I was so frightened that director George Cukor cut my dialogue to a single line."



By *Joan Fontaine*

JOAN FONTAINE

THE WOMEN (1939) with Paulette Goddard and Norma Shearer. "Believe it or not, all the actresses were delightful to work with and kind to each other. Director George Cukor, undoubtedly the finest woman's director, handled us skillfully."



KOBAL COLLECTION (2)



SPRINGERBETTMANN FILM ARCHIVE

GUNGA DIN (1939) with Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen. "I had no interest in the stunning Cary or in Doug. Like every actress who ever worked with him, I fell in love with the director, George Stevens, though I never even got a date with him."

FILM FESTIVAL



PHOTOFEST

REBECCA (1940) with Laurence Olivier and Judith Anderson. "I was in awe of this experienced British cast, and my fear showed on the screen. It helped my performance tremendously."



LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS

SUSPICION (1941) with Cary Grant. "Working with Hitchcock again, as I had in *Rebecca*, was wonderful. But Cary was so intensely focused on his own performance, working with him was a lonely experience." [Fontaine won a Best Actress Oscar.—Ed.]



GULVER PICTURES

Academy-Award Night, 1942. "My expression shows my true surprise. I hadn't even voted for myself."

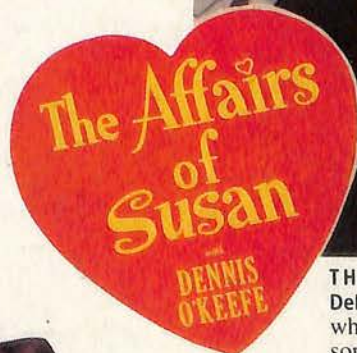


KOBAL COLLECTION

JANE EYRE (1944) with Orson Welles. "Orson was most intimidating, overpowering. He filled the sound stage with his personality."



LOU VALENTINO COLLECTION (2)



THE AFFAIRS OF SUSAN (1945) with Dennis O'Keefe, Don DeFore, Walter Abel and George Brent. "A most pleasant film in which I played several characters—one of them (at last!) with a sophisticated sexuality."



YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY (1948) with James Stewart. "I was four months pregnant, and had it not been for wonderful Jimmy and the adroit costuming of Jean Louis, I'd say the expression on my face said it all."

WANTED!

"I'm here to tell you about a Western ... best thing of its kind that's come along. It's honest. It's adult. It's realistic."

That's how, in 1955, John Wayne introduced the premiere episode of the Western that would become the most popular TV series of all time, GUNSMOKE.

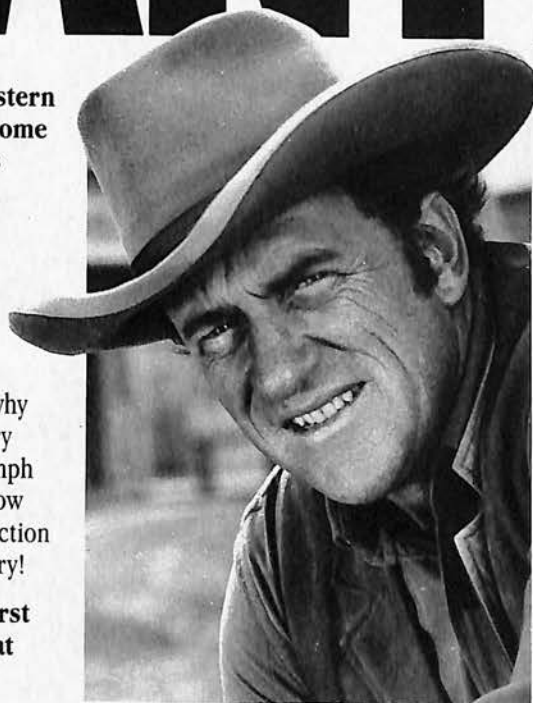
Now you can see for yourself why America tuned into Dodge City every week for 20 years to see good triumph over evil. Because GUNSMOKE is now available for your home video collection — exclusively from CBS Video Library!

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Your introductory videocassette includes the premiere episode of GUNSMOKE, "Matt Gets It" — featuring the introduction by John Wayne. Plus three more half-hour shows: "Tap Day for Kitty," "Hack Prine" and "The Killer," starring Charles Bronson as a psychotic gunslinger who leaves a bloody trail — until he has to face Matt Dillon.

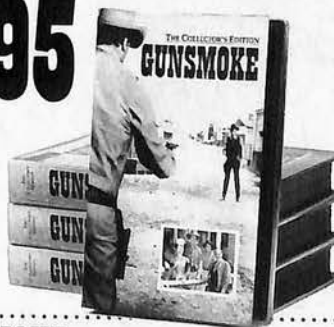
Come home to Dodge City's most beloved citizens: Milburn Stone as Doc Adams, Amanda Blake as Miss Kitty Russell, James Arness as Sheriff Matt Dillon and Dennis Weaver as Deputy Chester Goode.

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FILM FESTIVAL



LOU VALENTINO COLLECTION (3)

BORN TO BE BAD (1950) with Zachary Scott. "Howard Hughes, then the head of RKO Studios, personally cut this film. I was one actress he did not get on his casting couch."



SERENADE (1956) with Mario Lanza. "Mario was uncomfortable with his fame. He was always in his dressing room with emotional or health problems. Shooting was most sporadic."



LESTER GLASSNER
COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS

ISLAND IN THE SUN (1957) with Harry Belafonte. "Harry is a charming actor and a wonderful man. I chose to ignore the storm of mail I received condemning me for playing opposite him."



A CERTAIN SMILE (1958) with Rossano Brazzi and Christine Carere. "After making most of this film on the 20th Century lot, Christine and Rossano finished filming in the south of France. Word of their romance got back to Mrs. Brazzi, who said, 'What took him so long?'"

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA (1961) with Barbara Eden and Peter Lorre. "Lesson one for an actor: Never let your business manager choose your scripts."



PHOTOFEST



TENDER IS THE NIGHT (1962) with Jason Robards. "Balmain made the costumes, and we filmed in Geneva and Zurich. Working with Jason was a delight. If only audiences had appreciated the film." ■

PHOTOFEST

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MAX FACTOR



Smith, 1943

BLACK STAR

INDELIBLE IMAGES

W. Eugene Smith

By Maureen McFadden

GUARDIA CIVIL

LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER W. EUGENE SMITH WAS DRAWN TO THEMES of social injustice and personal valor. The deplorable working conditions of Welsh miners, the selflessness of a country doctor, and the chaos of an insane asylum in Haiti all provided grist for his photographic essays. In 1950 he traveled to Spain to document the poverty and oppression visited on the countryside by Generalissimo Francisco Franco.

"We drove around and around looking for a town like Deleitosa" in western Spain, recalls Smith's former assistant, Ted Castle. "We put at least 5,000 kilometers on the car before we found a village with a church that could be seen from any given point. That's what Gene had been looking for."

In Deleitosa, Smith, Castle and their interpreter posed as tourists. Soon word spread to Franco's fearsome rural police force, the Guardia Civil, that the curious trio were photographing and interviewing the poor of the village. When three policemen came to investigate, Smith in typical fashion cajoled them into letting him take their picture.

"I was in Madrid processing Gene's film when I first saw the image," says Castle. "It was strong and powerful. I just loved it on sight. For one thing, I hated the Guardia Civil and I hated Franco. So did Gene."



COPYRIGHT: HEIRS OF W. EUGENE SMITH/BLACK STAR

When the Guardia Civil made it clear that they intended to confiscate Smith's film, the three foreigners began a race for the border with the film taped underneath their car. "Let me tell you, we were scared," says Castle. "After an eight-hour drive, when we finally got to France, we all let out a hoot and a holler."

TOMOKO IN HER BATH



COPYRIGHT: HEIRS OF W. EUGENE SMITH AND EILEEN SMITH KATAGIRI/BLACK STAR

IN TOKYO TO MOUNT AN EXHIBITION OF HIS WORK IN 1970, SMITH was asked to photograph Minamata, a fishing and farming village on the Japanese island of Kyushu. Many of Minamata's inhabitants had been stricken with mercury poisoning from industrial waste dumped in their waters 20 years earlier.

"We thought we'd stay in Minamata for three months," says Aileen Smith, the photographer's second wife and collaborator, "but we were there for a little over three years." During that time the Smiths became participants in the citizens' battle against the Chisso Chemical Co. In 1972, while photographing a protest, Smith was brutally beaten by Chisso workers.

Occasionally, while Tomoko Uemura's parents attended protests, the Smiths cared for the 16-year-old, who had been born severely deformed and retarded from mercury poisoning. In Smith's best-known photograph of her, he tried to capture the intensity of her mother's love. "Her parents had a beautiful relationship with her," says Aileen Smith. "They took turns holding her through the night. Tomoko's mother and some others in Minamata were so strong, so loving. They gave me pride in being a woman; they taught me about motherhood." Tomoko died in 1977; Eugene Smith succumbed to a stroke in 1978.



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THE WALK TO PARADISE GARDEN

IN MAY 1945, WHILE PHOTOGRAPHING THE AMERICAN INVASION OF Okinawa, Smith was wounded by shrapnel from a mortar blast. Recuperating a year later in his suburban New York home, a war-weary and despondent Smith waited for the impetus that would restore meaning to his life and work. The antidote he sought took the form of a photograph of his children, Juanita and Patrick.

Says Patrick today: "I remember being directed to walk with Juanita over and over again. There was nothing spontaneous about that shot. Dad could see the scene from his bedroom; he had been looking at it for months." As for the notion that the picture restored his father's health, Patrick adds, "That has

become a bit exaggerated over time."

First published in *U.S. Camera Annual*, the photo was used in advertising campaigns for cars, life insurance, film, even a labor union. In 1955 Edward Steichen chose it as the final image in his *Family of Man* exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art, and it graced the cover of the book of the same title. Since then, it has become the most requested of all of Smith's photographs. But the ultimate testament to the image, says Patrick, is the fact that Smith hung it in the family home in Tuckahoe, N.Y. It was "one of the very rare ones my father chose to display."

DREAM VALLEY

A vintage movie poster for the film 'Dream Valley'. The poster features a man in a cowboy hat and a woman in a bonnet embracing in the foreground. The background shows a desert landscape with mountains and a herd of cattle. The title 'DREAM VALLEY' is written in large, bold, red letters at the top. Below the title, the names of the lead actors, Matt Stetson and Emily Hunt, are listed in a similar style. At the bottom, it says 'A DANIEL MERRICK PRODUCTION'.

With

**Matt
STETSON**

And

**Emily
HUNT**

A DANIEL MERRICK PRODUCTION

We've produced more happy endings than anyone in Hollywood.

Happy endings look easy on the silver screen. In the real world, however, they take a little more planning. A little more hard work. Even a little more imagination.

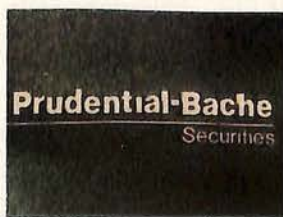
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Because no matter how your script reads now, with the strength of The Rock, it could have a much happier ending.

Build your future on The Rock.™



Let's Dance

By Barbara Leaming

Fred Astaire and his longtime choreographer, Hermes Pan, sensed that something was still missing—but what? The spectacular solo they had been working on at Paramount—Fred's Piano Dance for the 1950 film *Let's Dance*—was already *real hot! or right now!*, as Pan likes to say. The initial idea had been his; Pan envisioned using a baby grand piano as a kind of mini-stage. What the choreographer had in mind was more than just Astaire dancing *on* the piano; Fred had done that before, in *Flying Down to Rio*. No, this time Pan wanted Fred to dance *in* the piano, rap-tap-tapping the strings with his chocolate-brown suede shoe. And Pan wanted Fred to dance *with* the piano, magically transforming its movable parts—the front and main lids and the support stick—into a series of props. Like a child in a playground, Fred would slide down the open lid, then use that lid to make music in ways no mere pianist ever could, banging out a hot beat with it.

No question about it, the Piano Dance was sure to be a crowd-pleaser—as visually witty and inventive as anything the pair had ever cooked up. Still, they both knew something was missing, the extra kick at the end that Fred had learned to call a “wow finish” during his years in vaudeville. Back in the days when Fred danced on-stage with his older sister Adele, their signature exit was the Oompah Trot, in which, shoulder to shoulder, the siblings ran around and around in a large circle as the music pounded out Oompah! Oompah!—a wow finish that routinely brought down the house.

In search of an exit gimmick for the Piano Dance, Pan began—as he often did—“noodling around,” randomly, dreamily playing with everyday objects, in this case a couple of chairs in his house. With his left foot he raised himself onto the seat, and with his right he gently pressed against the back, shifting his

weight until the chair began to tip over. After several tries—and one or two stumbles—Pan discovered that if his left foot exerted just enough pressure on the seat, he could control the speed at which the chair tipped over. What looked like a hazardous stunt—walking over the backs of chairs—was actually the safest thing in the world, if you knew how. And once you knew how, you could ever so deftly walk over the backs of two, three, four, even five chairs, one right after another—a wow finish if ever there was one.

Knowing Astaire as well as he did—they were close friends as well as collaborators—Pan suspected that the hardest part of staging the chair exit would be persuading Fred to try it. Astaire didn't really like being told what to do. “I was always very cautious about making suggestions,” says the 79-year-old choreographer today. “I used to call it ‘sneaking up on him.’” As a rule, Pan would introduce a new idea with a “maybe something like this would be nice,” briefly demonstrating what he had in mind.

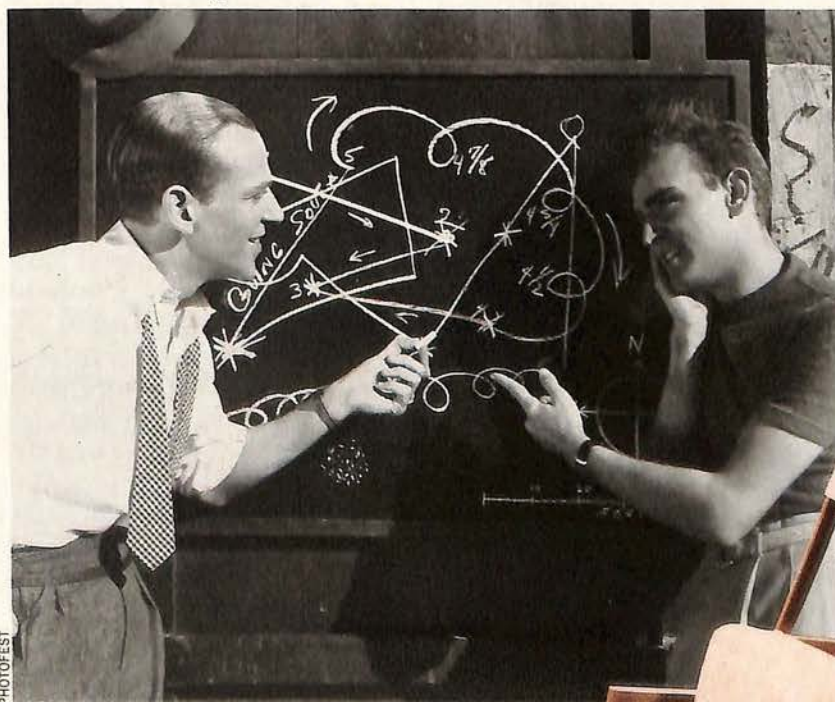
But the chair exit looked dangerous. “I can't do it,” Fred declared. “I'll break a leg. I'm not gonna do it.”

Part of this was play, of course. Astaire and his choreographer enjoyed their roles; Astaire was the worrier, Pan the assurer.

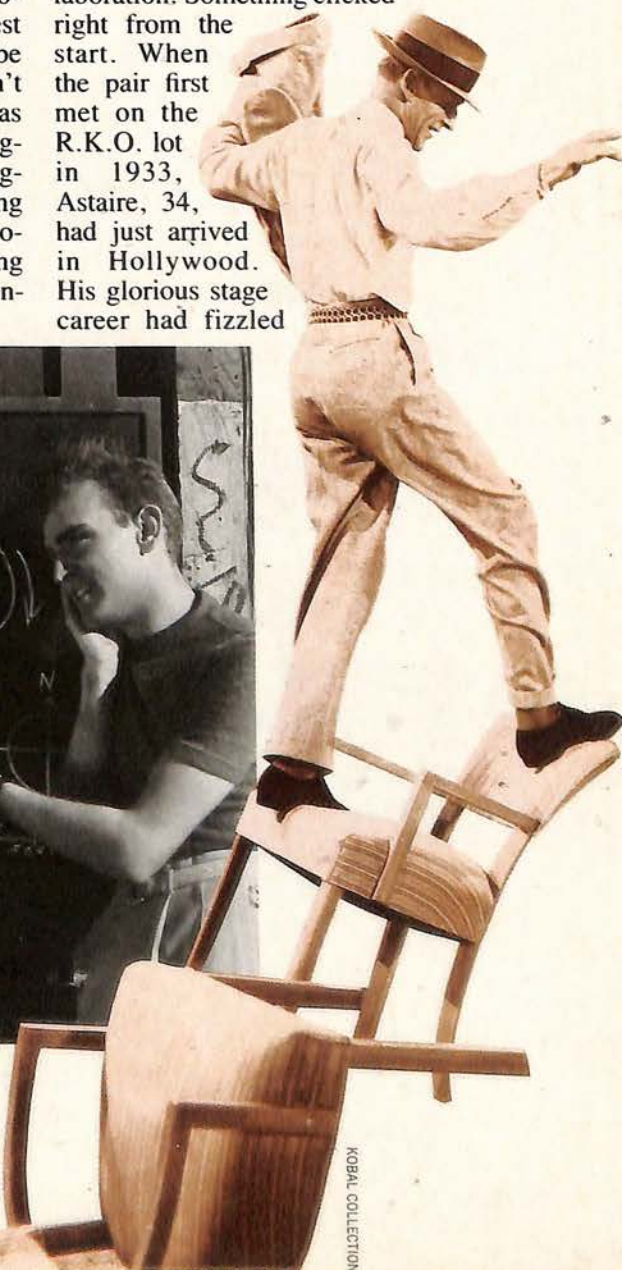
“Look, just *try* it,” said Pan, getting on the chair to demonstrate. After going over the chair two or three times, Pan extended his hand to Astaire. “Hold my hand and just try it.” Whereupon Astaire climbed on the chair and did as he had been told—perfectly.

“Awww, that's simple!” Fred exclaimed in the familiar blithe tone of his on-screen character.

Although Pan often worked with other dancers, and Astaire with other choreographers, the Pan-Astaire partnership was special, perhaps the ultimate dance collaboration. Something clicked right from the start. When the pair first met on the R.K.O. lot in 1933, Astaire, 34, had just arrived in Hollywood. His glorious stage career had fizzled



Astaire was the worrier, Pan the assurer. Together they created “wow finishes” like the chair routine in *Let's Dance*.



KOBAL COLLECTION



SMART COOKIES.

NUTRITIONAL INFORMATION

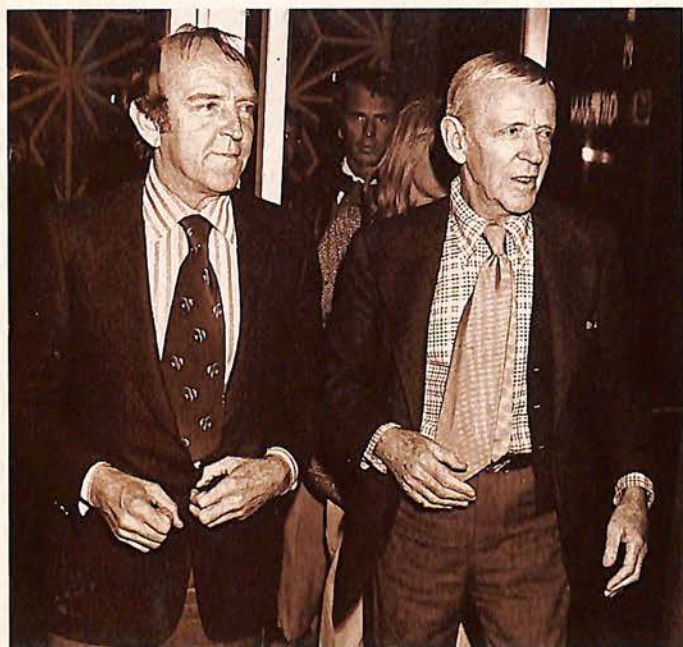
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BOB SCOTTE/ESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS

Friends for decades, the choreographer and the dancer kept an eye on younger artists. A favorite: Michael Jackson.

after Adele abandoned the act to marry Lord Charles Cavendish. New York critics had derided Fred's solo debut on Broadway in Cole Porter's *Gay Divorcee*. "Fred Astaire stops every now and then to look offstage towards the wings," wrote one critic, "as if he were hoping his titled sister, Adele, would come out and rescue him." It was R.K.O. who rescued Fred, with a \$1,500-a-week contract to appear in *Flying Down to Rio*.

Enter Pan, then 22 and desperate to break into the movies. Born Hermes Panagiotopoulos in Memphis, Tenn., in 1910, Pan was the son of a prominent Nashville restaurateur who also happened to be the Greek consul to the Southern states. Although the young Pan never formally studied dance, he found himself fascinated at an early age by the black dancing he saw in Nashville. Soon his father's chauffeur, a young black man named Sam Clark, had taught him the Black Bottom and other dances. It was in these informal sessions with Clark that Pan developed the lifelong passion for broken rhythms and afterbeats that made him a natural collaborator with Astaire, who had cultivated his own love of black dancing on the vaudeville circuit. While most whites tap-danced on their toes—a style Pan derides as "tippytoes"—and Astaire called "pussyfooting"—Sam

Clark and other black dancers used toe and heel, producing a much stronger sound.

Once he had learned steps from Clark, Pan started inventing new dances of his own. "The music would tell me what to do," he says. "When I listen to music, I visualize something—it's not just a sound. When I hear music, and especially if I like it, I see motion. I don't see people dancing, but I feel it, so that when I get up and dance, I just do what the music tells me to do."

For some years Pan appeared as a chorus boy in shows like *My Maryland*, *Animal Crackers* and *Top Speed*. Later he staged and performed dances for "Cushman's Garden of Glorious Girls," one of the traveling "tab shows" of the day that provided live en-

tertainment prior to the feature in movie theaters. Finally he found his way into a Hollywood film studio when R.K.O. hired him as assistant to the dance director of *Flying Down to Rio*. On Pan's first day on the job he was promptly dispatched to Astaire, then in the midst of putting together a dance routine.

"I very timidly peeped in the door," Pan recalls, "and there on a half-lit stage was Astaire. He was sitting at the piano with a towel around his neck."

"My name is Pan," said Hermes. "I'm the new assistant."

"Hiya, Pan," said Astaire, looking him over. "Come on in!"

"They thought maybe I could be of some help."

"Well, I'm just working on a number right now," said Astaire. "Would you like to see it?"

"I'd love to," Pan said, smiling.

As Astaire got ready to go into his number, Pan studied the dancer who not only looked like Pan, but moved and carried himself the same way too. "Right away when I saw him dance that day," Pan remembers, "I said to myself, 'This is the kind of dancing I've always dreamed of. This is my idea of a dancer.'" Astaire seemed capable of doing everything Pan felt inside and wanted to express.

"Well, I've gotten so far," said Astaire, when he was finished. "How do you like it?"

"It's wonderful!" Pan said.

"But I'm stuck for a break right there,"

Astaire continued, referring to the moves a dancer makes at the end of eight bars. "Got any ideas?"

Whereupon Hermes Pan made his first cautious suggestion to Fred Astaire. He remembered a break he had learned in Tennessee, "a little, simple thing," Pan describes it today.

"That's good!" said Astaire. "I'll use that." And so the collaboration began.

The Pan-Astaire partnership would span more than three decades. At R.K.O. in the 30's Pan worked on all nine pictures Astaire made with Ginger Rogers, including *Top Hat*, *Follow the Fleet*, *Swing Time* and *Shall We Dance*. Because Rogers was often busy, Pan would dance the female parts with Fred in rehearsal and then take Fred's role teaching the routines to Rogers. In 1937 Pan received an Academy Award for a dazzling routine in *Damsel in Distress*. In it, Astaire, George Burns and Gracie Allen cavort among the rolling barrels, treadmills and distorting mirrors of an amusement park funhouse.

The thread running through Pan's career as Hollywood's premier choreographer was the endlessly inventive work he did with Astaire in films like *Second Chorus*, *Blue Skies*, *The Barkleys of Broadway*, *Let's Dance*, *Three Little Words* and *Silk Stockings*, as well as in a trio of Emmy Award-winning television specials, *An Evening with Fred Astaire* (with Barrie Chase), *Another Evening with Fred Astaire* and *Astaire Time*.

Even after they had retired, Pan and Astaire kept a keen eye on the younger generation of dancers. And in Michael Jackson, they seemed to find what they were looking for: a kindred spirit.

"You've got to come over right away," said an excited Astaire when he called Pan, his Beverly Hills neighbor, on the telephone one night in 1983, four years before Astaire's death. "I want you to see something."

Scarcely had Pan arrived when Fred put on a cassette of *Motown 25*, a telecast in honor of Motown's 25th anniversary. "Wait till you see this!" Astaire exclaimed as he fast-forwarded to Jackson and his famous Moonwalk, in which he seems somehow to move backward and forward at the same time.

"Isn't he great?" asked Astaire, never one to praise other male dancers lightly.

"Oh, yes, this is marvelous," Pan agreed.

"We both flipped," says Pan, "because he was one of us."

BARBARA LEAMING is the author of *Orson Welles: A Biography* and *If This Was Happiness: A Biography of Rita Hayworth*. She is working on a biography of Bette Davis.

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AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

1940

50 YEARS AGO



PICTORIAL PARADE

TROTSKY ASSASSINATED

Aug. 21 Leon Trotsky, a key figure in the founding of the Soviet Union, from which he has been exiled since 1929, died today in his home in Mexico City from wounds inflicted yesterday by an assassin. The killer, a Trotsky acquaintance identified as Jacques van den Dreschd of Belgium, assaulted Trotsky in his den with an ax. Mexican authorities suspect it was arranged by Soviet leader Joseph Stalin, with whom Trotsky struggled for power after Lenin's death.

Update "Dreschd" turned out to be Ramon Mercader, a Spaniard who had entered Mexico under a fake passport. Mercader had spent several months posing as a journalist and a Trotsky supporter in order to gain his confidence. Mercader offered no motive for the murder during his trial, and it was never proved that he was an agent of Stalin. Sentenced to 20 years in prison in 1943, Mercader settled in Moscow soon after his release in 1960. He died of cancer in 1978.

A NEW BELLIGERENT

Sept. 17 The European war escalated ever so slightly today. Dispatches report that San Marino, the oldest republic in the world, has joined the Axis and declared war on Great Britain. The

smallest republic in the world (population 14,000), San Marino, with its 1,000 soldiers, poses little threat to the Allies. To enter the war, the country's new government had to declare an end to its 30-year state of war with Germany. Apparently San Marino forgot to sign the Treaty of Versailles, an oversight embarrassing to a country

located entirely within the borders of Germany's ally, Italy. **Update** One month later, amid reports suggesting that San Marino had been pressured into the conflict by Mussolini, the nation recanted its declaration of war. In 1943 San Marino ousted its Fascist leaders and remained neutral for the duration of the conflict.

*San Marino Ends Old War
On Reich to Fight Britain*

By The United Press.
SAN MARINO, San Marino,
Sept. 17—This smallest and old-

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THE SIZE OF THE STATES

Sept. 21 Preliminary figures from the latest U.S. Census estimate the American population at 131,409,881—only 7 percent more than 10 years ago, the lowest rate of increase since the

census was first taken, in 1790. A decrease in the birth rate throughout the Depression, as well as the near-cessation of immigration, are said to account for the puny increase.

TRIPARTITE PACT

Sept. 27 In a move widely seen as a warning to the United States to keep out of the European war, Japan today formally declared its alliance to Germany and Italy. The pact calls for the three nations to wage war upon any new entrant into the ongoing European or Chinese-Japanese conflicts. American officials believe the Japanese are gambling that the pact will forestall U.S. involvement long enough for Germany and Italy to defeat Great Britain, slice up the British Empire and create "a new order" in Europe and East Asia. Germany's Foreign Minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop, calls the pact a way "to help bring peace to the world as quickly as possible." Any nation attacking the signers of the treaty, warns von Ribbentrop, "will have to take on



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the entire concentrated might of three nations with more than 250 million inhabitants." The pact comes as a surprise to many observers who expected Spain to be the next partner in the Axis alliance.

Home and Abroad

Aug. 18 Walter P. Chrysler, auto manufacturer and builder of New York's landmark Chrysler Building, dies at 65 of cerebral hemorrhage . . .

Sept. 2 *Life* magazine reports sales of American flag are at highest point since 1917 . . . **Sept. 3** President Roosevelt announces sale of 50 over-age destroyers to Britain in exchange for use of several Atlantic naval bases . . . **Sept. 10** German bomb damages Buckingham Palace, official residence of King George and Queen Elizabeth. They are away at the time . . . **Sept. 16** President Roosevelt signs Selective Service Training Act, establishing peacetime draft . . . **Sept. 25** Occupying German Army dissolves all of Norway's political parties except the one headed by collaborationist Vidkun Quisling. Quisling immediately cracks down on dissent.

Arts and Entertainment

Sept. 18 *You Can't Go Home Again* by Thomas Wolfe, who died two years ago, is published . . . **Sept. 11** Al Jolson returns to Broadway after nearly a decade's absence in musical comedy *Hold On to Your Hats* . . . **Sept. 12** Lana Turner and bandleader Artie Shaw divorce after seven-month marriage . . . **Now Playing:** Hitchcock's *Foreign Correspondent* with Joel McCrea; *Boom Town* with Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert and Spencer Tracy; *Pride and Prejudice* with Laurence Olivier and Greer Garson;



The Sea Hawk featuring swashbuckling Errol Flynn. —Bill Cometti



"In those first blitzkrieg months," British Royal Air Force Flying Officer Al Deere would later recall, "German pilots were streets ahead of us in tactics and cunning. They'd learned the hard way in the Spanish Civil War. We were innocents by comparison."

Adolf Galland, Germany's ace Messerschmitt pilot, told colleagues, "Above all, see your opponent first. Wait in the sun at a higher altitude. Maneuver swiftly into an attack position. Then dive in for the kill."

Galland had first spotted a Spitfire a thousand feet

below on a reconnaissance flight over England in the spring of 1940. He went into a steep dive, and the Spitfire pilot screamed round in a tight, tight turn. To Galland's amazement, his Messerschmitt could not cope with this tactic. By the time he pulled out of his dive, the Spitfire had disappeared "like an eel doubling up on itself to escape a shark."

Before the Battle of Britain began, German Reichsmarshal Hermann Göring asked Galland what would be needed to win it. "A squadron of Spitfires," the ace answered, more prophetically than he knew.

Ode to the



AFTER THE BRITISH RETREAT FROM DUNKIRK in June 1940, Hitler and his officers were certain the war was won, or would be once England had been successfully invaded. And that would happen just as soon as the Royal Air Force was driven from the skies. Prime Minister Winston Churchill expected Göring to bring the full force of the Luftwaffe to bear against England. "The whole fury and might of the enemy must very soon be turned on us," he said in Parliament that June. "Hitler knows that he will have to break us in this island or lose the war. Let us therefore brace

ourselves to our duties and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say: 'This was their finest hour.' "

Churchill had not underestimated Luftwaffe tactics. Göring positioned his two strongest Luftwaffe Groups—a total of 824 fighter planes and nearly 1,500 bombers—at two points on the French coast facing England, 30 and 125 miles away. His plan was simple. The Luftwaffe would clear the skies and open the way for invasion "Sealion" by barge and landing

craft across the English Channel.

Like Göring, the man facing him across that channel, Air Chief Marshal Hugh Dowding, had been an ace pilot in World War I. But there the similarities ended. The self-indulgent Göring, 47, was a glutton and a heavy drinker. Dowding, 58, was tall, spare, a teetotaling vegetarian whose hobby was bird watching.

Spearheading Dowding's Fighter Command were 640 Spitfires and Hurricanes. But the odds were not completely in Germany's favor. The R.A.F. pilots would be fighting over their homeland; they could

Few

50 YEARS AGO: BATTLE OF BRITAIN FILLS THE SKIES

*Could the Royal Air Force stand up to the Luftwaffe?
The fate of England hung in the balance.*

By Alan Burgess



land and refuel and return to battle. If their planes were hit, pilots stood a good chance of baling out to safety. But a German Me-109's fuel tanks held only enough fuel for 80 minutes in the air. With 30 minutes needed to reach operational altitude, and another 30 to get back to base and land, the Me-109's had only 20 minutes over the target to protect vulnerable bombers and ward off Spitfires.

The British possessed other vital advantages. Since the mid-30's they had honed their radar defenses. Though German planes attacked the installations, they never knocked them out for long. British radar could track German planes from the moment they rose from French airfields until they were intercepted by Spitfires over England. Another ace in the British deck was Lord Beaverbrook, Churchill's Minister of Aircraft Production, who got British airplane factories operating in three shifts, around the clock, seven days a week. In July 1940 alone, British factories turned out 496 new fighters, four times the number produced in any previous month.

The strategy of the German command, which never dreamed that a "defeated" Britain could manufacture aircraft at such a rate, was simply to lure British fighters into the air and shoot down as many as possible. The bait was usually a lone Messerschmitt. After the war, Adolf Galland remembered how it was done: "I'd fly across the channel and pick up a Spitfire patrol. I'd stay just out of range, playing the greenhorn until sooner or later one would break away and chase me back toward France. High up there I'd have a couple of Me-109's waiting in the sun."

Al Deere, one of about 1,500 R.A.F. pilots, was often the pursuer. "I didn't realize it was a con job," he said of one encounter, "until the Me-109 suddenly tipped up on its nose and dived down toward the safety of its airfield. At the same moment I realized that two Me-109's had screamed down to intercept me and were stationed one on either side taking turns spraying me with bursts of cannon and machine-gun fire. I raced for home just above the waves and prevented them from writing me off altogether by using my old collision tactics, a swift turn to either port or starboard and heading

ALAN BURGESS flew with the R.A.F. from 1941 to 1946. As a BBC producer after the war, he interviewed many of his former colleagues and German aces. His books include *Seven Men at Daybreak* and *The Longest Tunnel*.



Al Deere

CAMERA PRESS

straight at 'em, so they had to break off or go down into the drink with me. I was pretty done in by the time I saw the coast of England and friendly Spitfires came in to drive them off.

"Over English fields I was in flames, so I spun over and dropped out, parachuting down, where, with my usual luck, an ambulance crew were just finishing lunch. They gave me a lift to hospital. I realized then that a Messerschmitt bullet had knocked my watch off my wrist." Deere ended up as Air Vice Marshal.

The aerial battle had begun on the 10th of July with German bomber raids against English coastal towns and, later, the mouth of the Thames River, where some 40,000 tons of shipping were sunk. On Aug. 1, an impatient Hitler ordered the Luftwaffe to "overpower the English air force with all the forces at its command in the shortest possible time." Göring declared Aug. 8 the day for an all-out assault of Britain, but bad weather delayed the "Day of the Eagle" until Aug. 13. Throughout that day, endless waves of bombers escorted by Me-109's roared in over the English coastline, decimating airfields, hangars and R.A.F. living quarters, killing countless antiaircraft gunners and R.A.F. ground crews. The attack, which cost the Luftwaffe 75 planes, left airfield runways a shambles of bomb craters and heaps of rubble.

High in the sky the dogfights continued. Years later, Flying Officer W. A. Whitworth recalled: "The Me-109's hit us as we were struggling for height. I felt and heard the loud bangs as a 109 hit me with machine-gun and cannon fire. Even

in the middle of my paralyzing fear I had to admire his marksmanship at hitting me from a full deflection angle. Then my Spitfire conked out, and I went into a long glide and crash-landed in a cornfield, cutting a long swath through the middle. The farmer was over within seconds, roaring, 'Why the bloody hell couldn't you have landed in the next-door grassy field!'

"He relented as soon as he got his breath back, and took me back to the farmhouse for a cream tea. When my station commander heard about it he was furious. What the hell was I doing eating cream teas, when I should be back aloft fighting the goddamn Nazis?"

On Aug. 16, Göring's intelligence units were sure that the R.A.F. possessed no more than 300 serviceable fighters. Four days after the all-out assault began, they lowered their estimate to 150. In fact, the R.A.F. still had 750 fully serviceable fighters. It was pilots that were in short supply. By the end of August the R.A.F. was nearly 200 fighter pilots short.

The demands made upon the remaining ones and their ground crews were almost impossible to meet. Sgt. John Dodds, an R.A.F. maintenance engineer attached to 151 Squadron, recalled: "On every airfield labor battalions worked night and day, and to hell with the danger, servicing aircraft, filling in bomb craters, keeping things going. Engineers stripped aircraft engines and repaired them 24 hours a day. And by God, those pilots, many of them just 19- or 20-year-old kids, always on standby, waiting for that bloody bell, the signal to scramble for the umpteenth sortie. Grabbing a bully beef sandwich and a cup of tea and off into the sky they'd go again."

Churchill's rhetoric etched their heroism into the consciousness of the world: "The gratitude of every home in our island," he declared, "goes out to the British airmen, who, undaunted by odds, unwearied in their constant challenge and mortal danger, are turning the tide of world war by their prowess and by their devotion. Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

Brenda Lock was a Women's Auxiliary Air Force (W.A.A.F.) member whose job was to monitor radio telephone conversations coming from British fighter pilots as they roared into action. "There was this young German fighter pilot who always seemed to be encroaching into my headphones," she remembered, "laughing and chatting and full of himself. I began to

feel I might even know him, might even like him. Then in one dogfight a Spitfire shot him down, and he couldn't get out, and he was on fire, and he began to scream for his mother as the flames got worse. And I was sitting there praying, praying, 'Please God, let him get out . . . Oh God, please let him get out.' But he didn't, and his screams died away as he fell down below my reception level. And I put my head in my hands and went outside and was sick."

By the third week of August, exhaustion approached despair. "My squadron had been in heavy fighting since May without a break," Squadron Leader E. M. Donaldson later recalled. "I was fantastically tired and utterly depressed. I was convinced that we were beaten."

"We need a miracle," Chief Marshal Dowding admitted.

Hitler had infuriated Göring by forbidding bombing attacks on London and "terror-bombing" of civilians. Since the Führer had given orders to flatten Warsaw and Rotterdam by aerial bombardment, the order to spare London struck Göring as odd. Perhaps Hitler envisaged a triumphant journey through an undamaged London for a reception at Buckingham Palace.

But the night of Aug. 24 changed everything. In the darkness hundreds of German bombers—Dorniers, Heinkels and Junker 88's—swept in over Britain's coastline to destroy vital installations from Dover to the Scottish border. As they passed close to London's eastern perimeter, anti-aircraft batteries opened up, causing two German bomber pilots to lose radio direction. In the darkness, with shrapnel hammering against their fuselages, both pilots jettisoned their bomb loads and headed for home.

The bombs hit the northern suburbs of London as pubs and cinemas were just emptying, killing scores and wounding hundreds. The ancient church at Cripplegate was devastated, and a statue of John Milton was blown from its perch.

Britain was outraged. The next night, a force of near-obsolete R.A.F. Hampdens carrying more weight in fuel than in bombs delivered a small but effective strike against a Berlin suburb. For the next three nights, more bombs fell on Berlin.

Hitler's rage was manic. "This affront," he fumed before a mass audience in Berlin's Sportpalast, "this outrage . . . The British are now saying that they will increase their bombing of our cities, raze our cities to the ground. We



British factories worked round the clock to replace Spitfires shot down by German Me-109's. Air Chief Marshal Dowding (near right) and Reichsmarschall Göring (far right) had both been WWI aces, but there the similarities ended.



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No. 3825 LONDON MONDAY SEPTEMBER 14, 1941

175 RAIDERS DOWN

ONE IN TWO DESTROYED

**1,726 IN
5 WEEKS**

R.A.F. LOSE 30

MASSED DAY ATTACK ON LONDON SMASHED

THE PALACE BOMBED FOR THIRD TIME

QUEEN'S ROOM STRUCK

INCENDIARIES IN PALACE GROUNDS

R.A.F. fighter planes and anti-aircraft guns yesterday delivered a smashing blow at the German air offensive against London.

Of 250 to 400 enemy planes launched in two waves against the capital and south-east England 175, or nearly 50 per cent., were shot down, according to returns up to early this morning. It is not 20 fighters, but 18 of their pilots are safe.

The German loss yesterday was their highest since Aug. 15, when 180 of their planes were shot down. On Aug. 18 they lost 153. In personnel, their loss yesterday was over 800 airmen against 30 R.A.F. pilots.

As bombing spread to civilian areas, Londoners took refuge where they could. Though the blitz would continue, Britain's September air victory forced the Nazis to put their invasion plans on hold—forever.



already airborne. They knew the German planes would soon split up, each group heading for a different target.

Then the dogfights would begin.

Minutes passed and the massed array of aircraft did not change course. "My God, sir," said the same controller to Dowding, "they're not splitting up . . . they're heading for. . ."

He did not have to pronounce the name of the city. The citizens of London were about to join the Battle of Britain. For seven days and nights the battle continued, the skies full of swirling, soaring fighter planes and scuttling bombers. Thousands of civilians were killed or wounded. The streets of London glowed blood-red from the fires burning down below. (Intense air bombing of Britain—known as the Blitz—would continue through the spring of 1941 and would take the lives of 20,000 civilians.)

On Sept. 15—later dubbed Battle of Britain Day—700 German fighters and 400 bombers attacked southern England. "One last sortie, one last effort," promised Göring, "and the skies will be ours: Invasion of England will begin!" With his impeccable sense of timing, Dowding threw at them every fighter squadron under his command—24 in all. More than 300 British planes rose from their fields in defense of their earth. German intelligence had miscalculated the number of R.A.F. Spitfire squadrons. The Luftwaffe suffered devastating losses.

"I think I was over the West End when I got two Dorniers in my sights," Hurricane pilot Sgt. Jimmy Holmes remembered. "One squirt and the first exploded in mid-air. Second squirt and I'd knocked the wing off another. That crew parachuted down onto the Oval cricket pitch. I don't think they were interested in playing that game. Then a 109 hit me from the rear. I parachuted down into the King's Road, Chelsea. Lots of good pubs in that area."

The inhabitants of southern England had never seen such sights or heard such a clamor of cannon and machine-gun fire and the death screams of fighters and bombers as they fell to earth and exploded. The next day British newspapers were full of bold black headlines: 175 RAIDERS DOWN. In fact, 56 German aircraft had been shot down and scores of out-of-gas Messerschmitts had crash-landed in the sea or on beaches; only 26 R.A.F. planes had been lost.

Within days, Hitler put invasion "Sea-lion" on hold indefinitely. History postponed it forever.



will stop the handiwork of these night pirates, so help us God. When the R.A.F. drop three or four thousand kilograms of bombs, we will reply with three hundred thousand—four hundred thousand!"

Hitler's retaliation began on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 7. Göring stood with binoculars in a forward observation post on France's Cape Gris Nez as hundreds of fighters and bombers roared over-

head toward their target.

Across the English Channel, standing in the radar room watching young W.A.A.F.'s push and pull their markers across the surface of a huge map, Dowding felt presentiments of disaster. "Looks like it's building into a big show, sir," a controller said. It was. Some 250 bombers and 500 fighters were converging on southeastern England. The R.A.F. was

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AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

1950

40 YEARS AGO

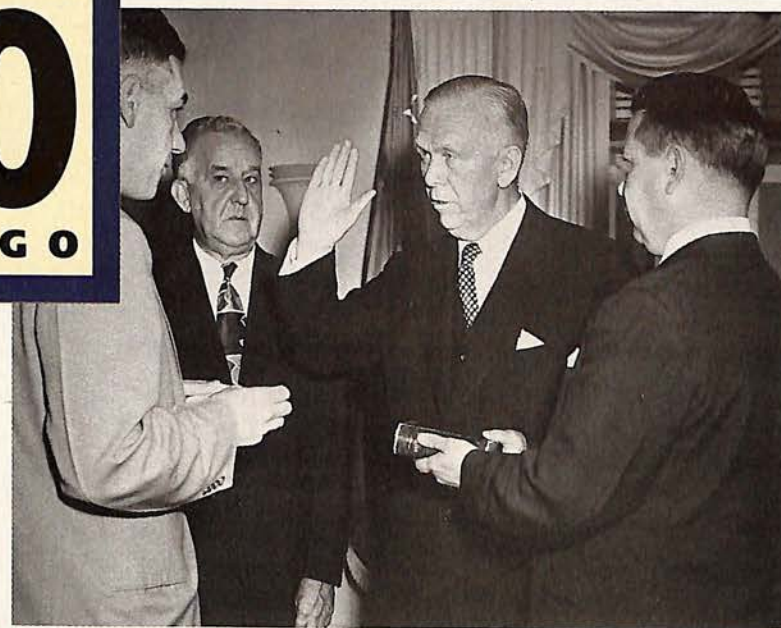
BIRTH OF A CULT

Sept. 9 The American Psychological Association condemned the use of L. Ron Hubbard's *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health* as a



therapeutic tool today, saying, "There is considerable evidence against [*Dianetics*] . . . and no scientific evidence in support of this view." In the four months since the book came out, more than 500 groups have formed across the country to practice the techniques outlined by Hubbard, a former pulp science-fiction writer. *Dianetics* argues that the human brain functions like a computer and must be cleared ("audited") of past traumas in order to work efficiently.

Update *Dianetics* has sold more than 13 million copies worldwide to date, and the Church of Scientology, which Hubbard formed in 1954 to propagate his theories, boasts a following of more than 6 million, including John Travolta and Kirstie Alley. In 1979, Hubbard's wife and eight others were jailed for stealing documents from the I.R.S. and conspiring to obstruct justice. During the investigation Hubbard became increasingly reclusive, finally dropping out of sight in 1980. He died in 1986.



MARSHALLING DEFENSES

Sept. 21 Gen. George Catlett Marshall was sworn in today as Secretary of Defense. Marshall, 69, was called out of retirement to replace Louis Johnson, who resigned. Johnson angered President Harry S. Truman when his feud with Secretary of State Dean Acheson bubbled over into the press. Marshall previously served as Secretary of State, from 1946 until 1949. During that time he engineered the Marshall Plan, which helped bring economic

recovery to Europe in the wake of World War II.

Update In the year that he served as Secretary of Defense, Marshall helped to contain the Korean War. He also enlarged the Army and aided in the development of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. In 1953, he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for the Marshall Plan, making him the only professional soldier to receive that honor. He died in Bethesda, Md., in 1959.

REGISTERING REDS

Sept. 23 By a vote of 57 to 10, the Senate today completed the override of President Truman's veto of the Internal Security Act, popularly known as the McCarran Act. The law requires Communist organizations to register with the Subversive Activities Control Board and gives the President authority to intern all known Communists in concentration camps during a state of emergency. President Truman vigorously opposed the bill. It "would put the Government of the United States in the thought control business," he wrote in a 5,500-word veto statement. He also argued that enforcing the law would tie the hands of the country's existing security agencies.

Update The Communist Party fought the McCarran Act in the



courts until 1968, when Congress eliminated the registration provisions.

Political Pressures

Aug. 3 Paul Robeson's passport is canceled by State Department . . .

Aug. 24 W.E.B. DuBois, head of Peace Information Center, is ordered to register with Federal Government as a foreign agent . . .

Aug. 29 International Longshoreman's Union and Marine Cooks and Stewards are expelled from C.I.O. for alleged "Communist policies."

Around the World

Aug. 10 First load of U.S. arms aid arrives in Saigon . . .

Aug. 12 Vietminh receive weapons from China . . . **Aug. 15**

Earthquake registering 8.4 on Richter scale hits Assam, India, killing 517 and destroying 100,000 homes . . . **Sept. 3-4** Japan

is devastated by typhoon that kills 199 . . . **Sept. 4** Australia institutes policy of free prescriptions for all citizens.

Milestones

Aug. 14 Social Security celebrates its 15th birthday; more than \$24 billion in benefits has been paid to date . . . **Aug. 17** Writer Dorothy Parker



weds screenwriter Alan Campbell for second time, in Bel Air . . . **Sept. 26** Only James Moore, 99, makes it to 60th reunion of Confederate Army vets.

Death

Aug. 15 Search party on Mount Whitney finds body of Christopher Reynolds, 17, son of singer Libby Holman and tobacco heir Zachary Reynolds. —Claire Keller

**40 YEARS AGO:
SUNSET BOULEVARD DAZZLES EXPECTANT CROWDS**

Gloria Swanson portrays a demented film goddess opposite William Holden in a film with curious parallels to Swanson's off-screen life.

By Graham Wells





PHOTOFEST

In the mind, where certain movies continue to play with pristine clarity, *Sunset Boulevard* stands as Hollywood's boldest portrait of itself, past and present.

Yet with the passage of 40 years, the film's "present," in which William Holden portrays a struggling young screenwriter, has itself slipped into the past. And the past of the silent era, evoked by Gloria Swanson's astonishing performance as an aging, demented film goddess, has nearly turned into archeology.

"As you watch *Sunset Boulevard*," wrote critic Philip T. Hartung at the time of its release, "you actually believe that it is about people and places connected with movie making, complete with all the fabulous glitter. [It] is so packed with perfect symbols of American motion picture making that it is a wonder there is room for any story to come through at all."

But the story crafted by director Billy Wilder, producer Charles Brackett and D. M. Marshman Jr. does come through. Their satirically biting script builds to a tragic—if melodramatic—conclusion as it traces the relationship between the screenwriter and the faded actress. If *Sunset Boulevard* has become downright venerable, it has also remained as insightful about Hollywood as it is entertaining.

By the time it premiered to expectant crowds on Aug. 10, 1950, at Radio City Music Hall in New York, the movie had already been sanctified. Two months earlier, a *Newsweek* cover story predicted the film would be Gloria Swanson's "Great Comeback." Under the headline "Sunset Boulevard Ranks Among All-Time Greats," a *Hollywood Reporter* reviewer wrote: "For months reports have come out of Paramount about the extraordinary per-

Glorious Swansong

formance of Gloria Swanson in the role of the faded star. If anything, they have understated the brilliance of her acting."

The queen of glamour queens in the silent era, Swanson made 45 features before *Sunset Boulevard*, among them some of Hollywood's biggest hits, including *Sadie Thompson* (1928), in which she gave a charming, strikingly modern comic performance, and *Madame Sans-Gêne* (1925). Born in Chicago on March 27, 1899, Swanson made her first film appearance at the age of 14 as an extra in a comedy starring Wallace Beery, whom she later married. Two years later she was in Hollywood starring in Mack Sennett comedies. But it was under Cecil B. De Mille's direction in films like *Male and Female* (1919), her first smash hit, and *Affairs of Anatol* (1921), in which she played an exotic temptress, that Swanson was enshrined as a star. De Mille often cast Swanson as a strong, smart, sophisticated and, above all, independent woman, four decades before women's lib.

At the height of her career, in 1923, Swanson earned the then-astonishing sum of \$10,000 a week. She was the second woman to make a million dollars in Hollywood (Mary Pickford was the first) and spent it extravagantly, throwing lavish parties at her 22-room mansion across from the Beverly Hills Hotel. She sometimes hired a liveried footman to attend each guest and once dispensed 300 solid gold compacts and cigarette cases as party

favours. "The public wanted us to live like kings and queens," she later recalled. "So we did—and why not? We were in love with life. We were making more money than we ever dreamed existed and there was no reason to believe it would ever stop."

Unlike many silent stars, Swanson made a successful transition to talkies, beginning with *The Trespasser* (1929), in which she even sang. For *Music in the Air* (1934) she took lessons from Caruso's voice coach and played a temperamental diva. Her last film before *Sunset Boulevard* was *Father Takes a Wife* (1941), a forgettable comedy in which the costumes were touted as highly as the actress's return to film after a seven-year absence.

Swanson made her Broadway debut in 1945 in the unsuccessful comedy *A Goose for the Gander* and, three years later, became one of the first well-known film stars with her own television talk show. While she was recuperating from an appendectomy that forced her to quit the show, producer Brackett called to ask her to test for the role of Norma Desmond in *Sunset Boulevard*. Swanson at first balked at the idea of a screen test but, after polling some friends, agreed. She signed a contract a few days later.

In the film the struggling screenwriter, Joe Gillis, seizes an opportunity to make some easy money by reworking a screenplay written by Desmond. She is convinced that the great De Mille will direct

the picture and she will recapture her former stardom. She becomes obsessed with Gillis, who moves into the actress's decaying mansion on Sunset Boulevard. He eventually falls in love with a young, idealistic girl but is decent enough to send her away. When Gillis finally walks out on Desmond, the silent-screen star shoots and kills him.

Boulevard played caustic humor against camp baroque. It stripped away Hollywood's glitter while it served up, in Swanson's performance, the sort of Grand Guignol horror that movie audiences have always loved. As the actress put it in *Swanson on Swanson*, her engrossing autobiography, "I was in the glaring spotlight again, thanks to Billy Wilder and a brilliant script."

The film also put Hollywood in the spotlight, and not everyone relished the glare. Coming out of the celebrity preview at Paramount's main projection room, Louis B. Mayer, the head of Paramount's mighty rival, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, shook his fist in the direction of the director and declared, "We should horsewhip this Wilder and we should throw him out of town. He has brought disgrace on the industry that is feeding him." In reply, Wilder stuck out his tongue.

New Yorker critic Philip Hamburger called *Sunset Boulevard* "a pretentious slice of Roquefort." But almost everywhere else, it was greeted as a work of genius. After the same celebrity-studded



MALE AND FEMALE (1919),
Swanson's first
hit



FATHER TAKES A WIFE (1941) with
Adolphe Menjou



Surrounded by mementos of her past, the ex-movie queen lives in a dream world that decays into nightmare.

Silent-film star Norma Desmond impersonates silent-film star Charlie Chaplin.



Paramount screening, no less a Hollywood personage than Barbara Stanwyck dropped to her knees in front of Swanson and kissed the hem of her dress. The *New York Times*'s Thomas M. Pryor hailed "a great motion picture" with "a rare blend of pungent writing, expert acting, masterly direction." And Bosley Crowther, also of the *Times*, examined the "manifest brilliance of this sharp and corrosive film." Box-office receipts across the nation reflected the critics' admiration.

Movie buffs still love to quote Swanson's great *Boulevard* lines. When Norma Desmond, a living ghost in her own mausoleum, watches a scene from one of her old silent pictures, she asks Joe Gillis, "Still wonderful, isn't it? And no dialogue. We didn't need dialogue. We had faces!"

At another classic moment, when Gillis says, "I didn't know you were planning a comeback," Desmond lashes out: "I hate that word. It's *return*! A return to the millions of people who've never forgiven me for deserting the screen!"

Throughout, Swanson's performance is one of eerie ferocity and surprising variety, even nuance. She rolls her outsize eyes, raises her sharp chin like the point of a prow, creates her own nimbus with ciga-

rette smoke and curls the thin lips of her toothy mouth as if the whole world beneath her nose were offal. In a garish love scene with Holden (an emergency replacement for Montgomery Clift, who broke his contract two weeks before the start of production), Swanson looks like a wild-eyed ghoul. At their most extravagant, her vocal rhythms suggest bits and pieces of W. C. Fields, Mae West and Jack Benny. She even tosses off a dead-on impersonation of Charlie Chaplin (for whom Swanson once briefly worked) and makes us believe, through moments of expressive silence, in Desmond's depth, sensitivity and pain.

For the record, Swanson dismissed any notions of convergence between herself and her character. *Newsweek* described her as holding "a dramatic thumb and forefinger half an inch apart" and saying, "There isn't this much of me in the story!" In private, the issue seemed not quite so black and white.

For one thing, the actress contributed a good deal of Desmond's dialogue. Raymond Daum, curator of the Gloria Swanson Archives at the University of Texas at Austin, recalls that Swanson "used to tell me that Wilder and Brackett would come to her dressing room very early in the

Sunset Boulevard blurs the distinction between art and life. Erich von Stroheim, who directed Swanson in several early films, plays ex-director (and ex-husband) turned protective servant to the demanding Desmond. Holden goes along for the ride in more ways than one.



Cecil B. De Mille, the director who made Swanson a star, fills the same role in Norma's career.

morning and ask her, 'Now what would Norma say?' "

It is a performance, moreover, that draws on Swanson's early career in intricate, sometimes bizarre ways. When Desmond revisits the studio where she once reigned as a star, she meets Cecil B. De Mille, who is suavely played by De Mille himself. The snippet of silent film Desmond describes as "still wonderful" is in fact a scene with Swanson from *Queen Kelly* (1928), a film never released in this country.

The story of a convent girl who inherits a bordello in Africa, *Queen Kelly* was produced by Joseph P. Kennedy, JFK's father and for years Swanson's lover. Two months and \$600,000 into the filming, Swanson, who had invested a substantial amount of her own money in the production, decided that the footage was so lurid as to be unreleasable. She also felt that the ruthlessly realistic and extravagant director Erich von Stroheim—who, ironically, would play the role of Desmond's protective butler and ex-husband in *Boulevard*—was a madman. Kennedy stopped production, saying the advent of sound made it impractical to continue.

In *Boulevard* Swanson "was thrilled to be working with some of her old colleagues like De Mille and Buster Kea-

M-G-M head Louis B. Mayer said director Billy Wilder (below) "brought disgrace on the industry" in making *Boulevard*.



KOBAL COLLECTION

ton," remembers Nancy Olson Livingston, who played Betty Schaefer, Gillis's pretty girlfriend. (Keaton played Desmond's bridge partner.) "As far as von Stroheim's presence on the set was concerned, it was interesting; he was so remote, so proper and polite. She was very correct with him, but also very easy. I found her easy with me, too. She had a lovely, graceful demeanor."

Swanson was 50 years old when Wilder began filming *Boulevard*. "I was a student at U.C.L.A. when Billy cast me, and 50 was how old my mother was," Livingston remembers. "Still, I was struck by how well she looked. I remember that she had a certain elegance, a kind of regality, but in the nicest possible way."

Livingston had no scenes with Swanson, but at one point their

characters talk on the phone. When the day arrived to shoot Livingston's side of the conversation, Swanson came to the studio and remained within view, off-camera, so that the younger actress would not have to imagine Desmond's reaction to her words. "She did it out of wanting to relate to me and have me relate to that voice. She did it out of wanting everything to be right," says Livingston.

"I hated to have the picture end," Swanson wrote in her autobiography. "None had ever challenged or engrossed me more." In the final scene, in which Desmond is now completely mad, director Wilder asked Swanson to descend a curving grand staircase on the inside where the steps were narrowest. "On high heels I would have tripped for sure, so I played the scene barefoot. I imagined a steel ramrod in me from head to toe holding me together and descended as if in a trance. When Mr. Wilder called 'Print it!' I burst into tears. I had a party planned for this last day, but then and there the cast and crew gave me one instead."

If there were some unmistakable similarities between Swanson's career and Norma Desmond's, Swanson's post-Hollywood life hardly paralleled that of the fictional faded star. By almost every objective measure, her days after *Sunset Boulevard* were rich and full.

Far from languishing, Swanson flourished as a businesswoman and entrepreneur after five marriages and the dimming of her stardom. She lived grandly on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, surrounded by cultivated friends. Far from clinging to feeble memories of fame, Swanson impressed everyone who knew her as a graceful version of the smart, worldly beauty she'd played so often in her golden youth.

Capitalizing in the most literal way on her good health and radiant good looks—"Dynamic Gloria Swanson, at 52, Is Beautiful, Slender, and a Stranger to Fatigue," proclaimed a headline in the *Chicago Tribune*—she founded a cosmetics line and promoted budget-priced clothes under the label "Forever Young."

Swanson managed to keep a sense of humor about her advancing age. Broadway producer Wally Freed once spotted her shopping in Saks Fifth Avenue, looking sensational, and said, "It's so wonderful to see you, Miss Swanson. I've loved your work ever since . . ."

"I know, I know," she cut in with a



GLORIA SWANSON ARCHIVES/HARRY RANSOM HUMANITIES RESEARCH CENTER

Swanson kicked off her high heels and pretended a steel rod kept her posture rigid as she made her final descent. "Print it!" said Wilder.



COURTESY OF RODDY McDOWALL

sardonic smile. "Ever since you were a little boy."

"No," Freed told her. "Ever since you were a little girl."

"That I like!" Swanson replied.

She went on to a few other roles, with mixed results. She opened opposite José Ferrer on Broadway Dec. 24, 1950, in *Twentieth Century*, which ran for 218 performances. Less successfully, she played another movie queen in a minor Hollywood farce called *Three for Bedroom C* (1952), in which she had to struggle to cope with the dialogue. Director Milton Bren had to struggle also, to salvage usable takes from her scenes. Bren's widow, the actress Claire Trevor, declines to discuss these problems in any detail: "Let's just say that Swanson had difficulties with movement and speech in the film."

However great her professional difficulties may have been, Swanson played her public role with a relish that Norma Desmond would have admired. "She loved to call her fans on the telephone,"

Swanson, above at age 82 in 1981, said writing her best-selling autobiography was "a bit like drilling your own teeth."

Swanson archivist Daum remembers. "That phone bill was enormous. And she was serious about what she saw as the responsibilities of her celebrity. She always dressed beautifully and took two hours to do it. 'When I get out on that street they expect a star, and they're going to get one,' she used to tell me."

In 1970 she starred in a touring company of *Butterflies Are Free*, then played the role on Broadway for six weeks. She appeared in *Airport 1975*, essentially playing herself as a passenger on a damaged plane. The director, Jack Smight, recalls the experience fondly. "She really was a grande dame, but very professional. She wanted to write out her own dialogue on cards, I remember. She said, 'It's the only way I can do it; it has to sound like me.' I was also impressed by the way she related to the crew, as one of the guys. You know, she'd pat some guy on the fanny and crack

a joke. I think she was really living the old days again."

In 1976, at the age of 77, Swanson married her sixth husband, a 60-year-old writer named William Dufty. She painted and sculpted and, as she closed in on 80, began to write her autobiography, a process which she described as an agonizing experience, "a bit like drilling your own teeth," but which produced a best seller. She also pursued her long-standing interest in health foods with a passion that verged on obsession. Near the end of her life, she told Daum she hoped to open a health farm in San Antonio, a dream she did not live to fulfill. Swanson died in 1983 after a heart attack. She was 84.

At five feet tall and 95 pounds, a tiny physical presence, Swanson turned herself into a legend by dint of talent and a determination that was as much of a trademark as the beauty spot on her strong chin. As Norma Desmond said in another of those lines from *Sunset Boulevard* that movie buffs love to quote: "I am big—it's the pictures that got small."

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Filters 100's: 16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Lights 100's: 9 mg. "tar",
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Ultra Lights 100's: 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by
FTC method.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

1960

30 YEARS AGO

IT CAME FROM SPACE

Aug. 11 Navy helicopters today plucked from the Pacific the first known payload ever recovered from space. The 300-pound, instrument-packed capsule had been carried into orbit by Discoverer XIII the day before. An attempt to recover a similar capsule failed earlier this year.

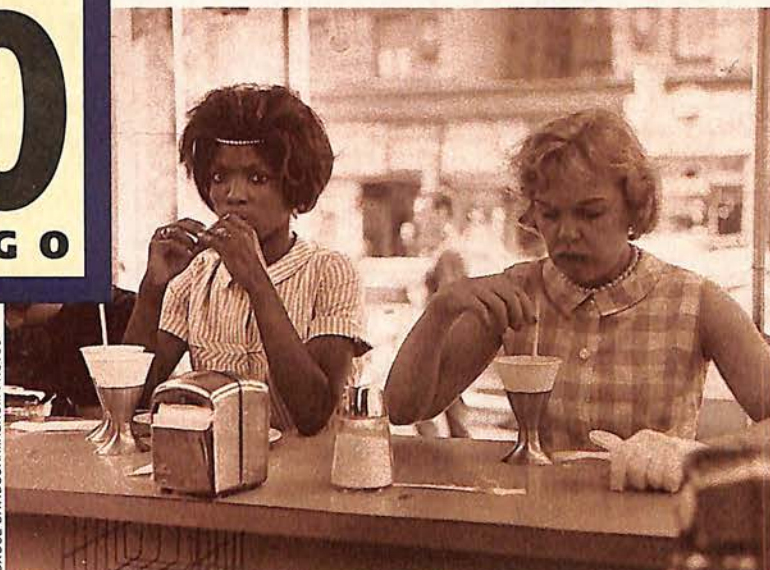
FIGHTING INTEGRATION

Aug. 17 Louisiana Gov. Jimmie Davis, saying he would go to jail rather than desegregate schools, announced today that he has taken over administration of the



state's schools. The maneuver is an effort to subvert a U.S. district judge's order that integration begin in the first-grade classes of New Orleans's schools on Sept. 7. **Update** A U.S. district judge issued restraining orders Nov. 10 against Governor Davis and other state officials that nullified new state anti-integration laws. The first integration of New Orleans schools took place on Nov. 14, when U.S. marshals helped four black children enroll in two different grade schools.

BRUCE DAVIDSON/MAGNUM PHOTOS



GUESS WHO'S COMING TO KRESS'S

Aug. 10 Executives from F.W. Woolworth, S.H. Kress, W.T. Grant and other major chain stores today informed Attorney General William Rogers that they have integrated lunch counters in 69 Southern communities. In more than 70 percent of these communities, the stores report,

there have been no demonstrations protesting the desegregation. Rogers said the results showed that "where responsible local citizens take the first steps . . . desegregation of eating facilities in stores can be accomplished without disruptions and loss of business."

PEALE'S APPEAL

Sept. 7 A group of 150 Protestant ministers, led by the Rev. Norman Vincent Peale, today attacked Senator John F. Kennedy's Presidential candidacy. While denouncing "hate mongering, bigotry, prejudice or unfounded charges," the statement claimed

that the religious issue had become "the most significant" one in the campaign and warned that "a Roman Catholic President would . . . be under extreme pressure by the hierarchy of his church" to accede to Vatican foreign policy.

SPACE ZOO

Aug. 19 Two dogs, Strelka and Belka, accompanied by four mice, a rat, a jar of flies, germs, algae, fungi, plants, seeds, and sections of human and rabbit skin, were sent into space today by Soviet scientists. The dogs were observed by television cameras while in orbit and their vital signs monitored by sensors. They had been trained for a year and had made previous rocket flights.

Update The capsule containing the animals was recovered without incident the following day, and Soviet scientists reported that none of the creatures showed any ill effects from the trip.



GLOBE PHOTOS

Sports Beat

Aug. 2 Major League Baseball officials vote to add two teams each to American and National Leagues by 1962 . . . **Aug. 25** The 17th Summer Olympic Games open in Rome, with athletes from 84 countries competing . . . **Sept. 15** Maurice "Rocket" Richard, hockey's leading scorer, announces his retirement from Montreal Canadiens . . . **Sept. 16** Amos Alonzo Stagg, at 98 the grand old man of football, announces his retirement as advisory coach at California's Stockton College.

Miscellany

Aug. 17 The Beatles make their first public appearance, at strip club in Hamburg, West Germany . . . **Aug. 19** Francis Gary Powers is convicted of espionage in Soviet Union and sentenced to 10 years' "deprivation of freedom" . . . **Aug. 24** F.D.A. approves Sabin polio vaccine for use . . . **Aug. 30** Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev predicts that Vice President Nixon's "children and surely his grandchildren will live under Communism."

Arts & Leisure

Chart Toppers "I'm Sorry" by Brenda Lee (below), "It's Now or Never" by Elvis Presley and "The Twist" by Chubby Checker. **New Films** *Oceans 11*, *Dark at the Top of the Stairs*, *Sunrise at Campobello*. **Nielsen Leaders** *Gunsmoke*, *Wagon Train*, *Have Gun Will Travel* and *The Danny Thomas Show*. —Peter Ainslie



MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

30 Years Ago



"Oh, Mamma Mia!...
wait till you taste
Italian Pot Roast...
home made with
Hunt's Tomato Paste"



the paste with the Sunny Italian Flavor

Hunt...for the best

ITALIAN POT ROAST (with noodles)

Make a pot roast the way the Italians do, with a thick tomato paste and an imaginative blend of herbs and spices. For *real* Italian flavor, make your sauce with Hunt's Paste. It's smooth and mellow, and so thick you spoon it from the can! It's easy to 'cook Italian' with Hunt's Tomato Paste.

- | | | |
|---|-------------------------|--|
| 3 lb. lean chuck
or rump roast | 1½ tbsp. oregano leaves | ½ tsp. sugar |
| 2 tablesp. Wesson,
pure vegetable oil | 1 tbsp. whole thyme | 2 (6-oz.) cans Hunt's
Tomato Paste |
| 2 cloves garlic, crushed
or ¼ tsp. garlic powder | ½ tbsp. basil leaves | 3 cups water |
| 2 medium onions, chopped | ⅛ tsp. cinnamon | 1 lb. thin noodles |
| | 1 tsp. salt | Grated Parmesan cheese
and chopped chives |
| | ¼ tsp. black pepper | |

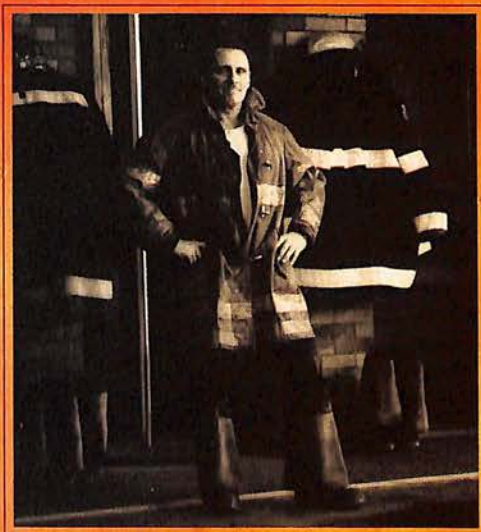
Brown meat slowly on all sides in hot Wesson. Remove meat and lower heat. Add garlic and next 8 seasonings. Simmer about 5 minutes, being careful not to burn. Return meat. Mix Hunt's Tomato Paste with water, and pour over meat. Bring to a full boil. Lower heat and cover loosely. Simmer slowly about 2 to 3 hours, turning meat occasionally. When meat is tender, cook noodles and drain. Slice the roast and arrange with noodles and cover with sauce. Sprinkle with cheese and chives if desired. Makes about 6 servings.

*Hunt's Tomato Paste is pure, concentrated tomato. Use it in your cooking by the spoonful, combining with liquid, until you add the amount of tomato flavor you want.

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years. The guys at the firehouse think Gilbert
should do his sauce a little more often.
Make it for your family, and they'll feel
exactly the same way.*

Gilbert's Garden Pasta Sauce

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 cup chopped onions | 2 cups chopped prosciutto ham |
| 2 cloves garlic, minced | 1 cup grated fresh Romano cheese |
| 2 Tablesp. olive oil | 1 teasp. each: oregano, basil, rosemary, salt and firmly-packed light brown sugar |
| 1 (28-oz.) can Hunt's Whole Tomatoes, undrained and crushed | |
| 2 (8-oz.) cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce | |
| 1 lb. fresh or frozen mixed vegetables (broccoli flowerets, cauliflowerets, diagonally-sliced carrots, bamboo shoots) | |

In large saucepan, sauté onions and garlic in hot oil 5 minutes. Add remaining ingredients except pasta; bring to boil. Simmer, uncovered, 20 minutes. Serve over pasta. Makes 8 servings.



IT HAD TO BE HUNT'S.



Born in San Diego on Aug. 30, 1918, Ted Williams was 17 when the hometown Padres signed him to his first contract, at \$150 a month. Though he'd been a pitcher in high school, the minor-league Padres moved him to the outfield. In 1939, after three years in the minors, he was tapped by the Boston Red Sox, for whom he would play his entire major-league career.

As a rookie, Williams batted .327 and drove in 145 runs to lead the league in RBI's. He went on to build a towering reputation as a hitter, not only for his power (his 521 home runs tie him for 10th on the career list) but for his consistency (lifetime average: .344).

Williams won six batting titles, four home-run crowns and four RBI titles (including one tie) in the 17 full seasons he played for the Red Sox (he served in World War II from 1943-45 and in the Korean War for most of 1952 and '53). He was twice named the American League Most Valuable Player, and he made the All Star Team 16 times.

But the Red Sox won only one pennant during Williams's career, in 1946, when teammates included Johnny Pesky and Bobby Doerr. They lost the World Series to the St. Louis Cardinals in the seventh game. It was a bitter disappointment for Williams, who later wrote that his frustration "grew . . . to a terrible dimension as the years passed. Who was to know at that time I would not get another chance?"

Six years after his 1960 retirement, and in his first year of eligibility, Williams was inducted into baseball's Hall of Fame. "Ballplayers are not born great," he said at the ceremony. "I've never met a great player who didn't have to work harder at learning to play ball than anything else he ever did. To me it was the greatest fun I ever had." ■

Fair Balls, Fo and Good Fis

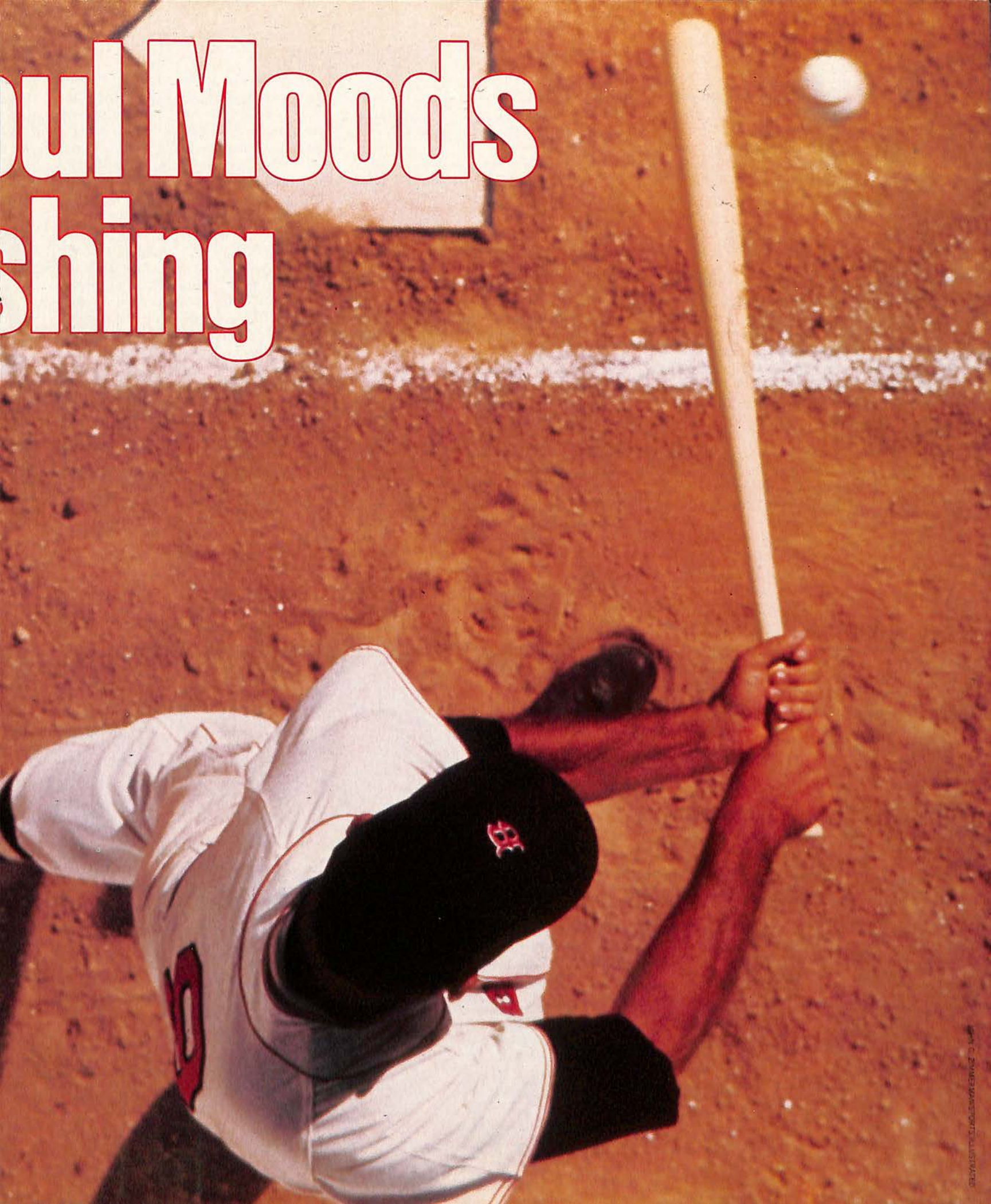
30 YEARS AGO: TED WILLIAMS RETIRES FROM BASEBALL

His temper was almost as legendary as his hitting. Now 71, Boston's Splendid Splinter has mellowed (a teensy bit).

By John Underwood



oul Moods shing



It was one of those oddly poignant moments that gain larger relevance long after the fact, like a battlefield heroic or a pivotal decision in a laboratory. On a winter day before his last season with the Boston Red Sox, Ted Williams, arguably the most sublime hitter of baseballs ever to grace the game, walked unannounced into the office of the club's general manager and demanded a hefty pay . . . cut.

Occurring as it did away from the field of play, the episode went unexploited in headlines of the time. Now it would inspire large, bold ones, if only to suggest that Williams had gone mad. We live, after all, in an era of inflated entitlements, when even mediocrities who fail to live up to their own meager promise ask for *more* money, not less. And get it. And there is no shame in them.

But shame was at least partly accountable for Williams's act that day, given his obsessive respect for the talent God had given him. In his mind, he *deserved* a cut.

JOHN UNDERWOOD, who wrote *My Turn at Bat* and *The Science of Hitting with Ted Williams*, is a former *Sports Illustrated* senior writer. His next book is *Loathe Thy Neighbor*, a personal odyssey through what he calls America's "religious chaos."

And of all the events that define his wondrously unique—and uniquely melancholy—career, this is the one that defines him best for me.

Charity had nothing to do with it, of course. Williams himself would admit that he was no less greedy or ego-driven than the next guy. At \$125,000, he was the highest-paid player of his time, and if that figure seems puny by today's bloated standards (and a bargain for the Red Sox by *any* standard), bear in mind that in 1960 a Cadillac sold for \$5,000 and a box seat at Yankee Stadium could be had for \$3.50.

Moreover, Williams had always demonstrated a pawnbroker's sensitivity for his worth, a talent I first saw in 1969 when he and I were dickering with book publishers for his life story. The initial offers turned my young head, but Ted waved them off. "Relax," he told me. "They'll go higher." I didn't, but they did.

Later, when he abandoned his tackle box—and, he said, his senses—to manage the Washington Senators (later the Texas Rangers), he protested his misgivings to team owner Bob Short every step of the way—and cut a deal that brought him \$1.5 million and a percentage of the club. "I kept saying no until I heard myself say yes," Williams said. He admired people who could get him to say yes. He called

Short "the smartest man I ever met." For his near-miracle cure of the Washington team in 1969, Williams was named American League Manager of the Year.

Over the years, Williams accumulated a number of major assets: partnerships in citrus groves, blue-chip stocks, property in Florida and California, a fishing camp on the Miramichi River in New Brunswick, Canada, etc. etc. Opportunities like his long-running endorsement contract with Sears were continually being thrust under his seemingly reluctant nose. He said no until he said yes, with one unspoken caveat: Nothing could interfere with his playtime—his hunting and fishing.

For a long while, working with him on his book and afterward, I thought the few people who knew him intimately were right when they said how inept he was at marketing himself. Movie-star handsome, awesomely charismatic in a bristling, lit-fuse kind of way, he could have endorsed his way to staggering riches. But he wouldn't be bothered. His first and only agent, Fred Corcoran, once told me that for every 10 offers Williams got, "Ted turns down nine and a half." When

Swinging away in '46: Williams realized too late that he "should have had more fun in baseball."



Corcoran died, in 1970, Williams didn't replace him.

And I finally saw it. Why should he? He had a steady stream of successful people eager to cut him in on deals just to be near him—people, he said, “who are a helluva lot smarter than I am.” It was a qualification he wielded like a hammer. That, too, has been misunderstood.

The inference has long been drawn that Williams, doubting his own sophistication, was not comfortable in the company of what he called “big shots.” His buddies were the cop on the beat, the clubhouse attendant, the fishing guide, the theater manager—men in whose presence he could be as profane as he wanted (Williams is a world-class swearer) and who would put up with his bullying. For luminaries and “intellectuals,” he tended to be gone for the day.

But what this depiction of Williams—the-social-schizophrenic misses is that he knew when to *get* comfortable with people, when it was to his advantage. I have seen him move easily in the company of senators, governors and Presidents, and once watched him captivate a roomful of editors with an off-the-cuff speech punctuated by nary a “hell” or a “damn,” much less any of his raunchier coinages. He knew when to soften the edges.

To be sure, Williams was always sensitive about his education. He barely made it through high school, and I have heard him say more than once to people he thought were better educated, “Boy, I wish I was as smart as you.” Yet he could explain in scientific terms how a jet engine works and why a baseball curves, and while others watched TV, he was reading, inquiring, listening—“hammering” (his word) at himself to improve. He bought a set of encyclopedias when he was 50 years old.

And who, in the end, was smarter than whom? When the inevitable Monday mornings of life came around, the corporate executives who garnered the rare weekend with the prodigal at Islamorada on the Florida Keys, or on the Miramichi, had to re-submit their noses to the grindstone, while Williams just pointed his to the next fishing hole. Or the next deer stand or the next duck blind. He has carved for himself the idyllic, responsibility-free outdoorsman's life he dreamed of from those early, mostly bleak childhood days around San Diego when he hunted rabbits with a borrowed rifle and fished the night away with a homemade pole.

The controlling factor for a man who has “money enough” to do as he pleases



Williams served as a Marine captain during World War II and bitterly resented being recalled to active duty as a jet fighter pilot (above) in the Korean War.

is the will to resist taking the time to make more. This was especially true in Williams's case, because he never really wanted more than enough. He flaunted the only life style the “big shots” could never afford: unpretentious.

He didn't go to cocktail parties, he drank milkshakes and went to bed early. He didn't go to plays and concerts, he went to John Wayne movies, and when no longer a “Splendid Splinter,” he even came to look and sound like Wayne. In the art of being natural, he was a natural. The backbone of his wardrobe was faded Ban-lon shirts, baggy khaki pants and thick rubber-soled shoes. His concession to evening wear was a plaid sportsjacket he pushed into service for all occasions. Ties were not part of “the act,” as he put it. Ties, he said, “get in your soup.”

He prided himself on his thrift. I have seen him buy socks at the Army-Navy surplus, and the cheapest tennis shoes he could find. One pair, after some wear, curled up at the ends like Aladdin's boots. He was oblivious. For many years, his car of choice was a Ford station wagon (he got a deal). Friends who drove Mercedes-Benzes were mocked for their logic. A Mercedes, Williams said, was “over-priced” and “noisy.” When hair styles

lengthened, he kept his short and bragged about cutting it himself.

Some years ago he bought a big house at a posh Key Largo club, then sold it before taking occupancy when he realized there were *rules* to deal with and a *swimming pool* to mind. After three failed marriages, he knew his way around a kitchen and boasted of making chicken taste like veal. Veal, he said, was no bargain. When he ate out, his choices were nearby holes-in-the-wall, like Manny & Isa's on the Keys, or, in Washington, the Peoples Drug Store—and when he treated himself to a “better” restaurant, he made it a point to get there in time for the early-bird specials. To make it home in time for the 6 o'clock news. To get to bed early. To fish early. To do it all again the next day. The routine of a satisfied man.

It was all part of “the act.” Because he was not cheap at all, not when it came to things or people he cared about. He bought the most expensive hunting and fishing gear, and gave it away by the armload. His support of the Jimmy Fund, for children with cancer, is renowned. A family in New Brunswick owes its first indoor plumbing to his generosity. Once, when I

Continued on page 58

"What More Can I Do for You"

To be honest, I didn't actually catch up with Ted Williams until 1941, two years after he had come thumping his way East from California to Boston to bat .327 and become the American League Rookie of the Year. Mind you, I had my excuses. For one thing, I had never even heard of baseball back in 1939, but, if memory is to be trusted, spent most of that summer watching barrage balloons go up over London and cadging cigarette cards featuring pictures of the world's greatest war planes. For another, I was 8 years old.

What I saw when I finally got round to it was a scrawny young chap with pants down around his ankles (a style I favored myself that year), who looked as if he had strayed over from the adjoining sandlot. He even swung his bat with the crazy abandon of a country boy playing with an imaginary ball—except that he seemed magically to connect every time, the *real* American dream. This impossible-looking kid had become perhaps the greatest hitting maestro the game has ever seen, but I didn't know that. I only thought that if he can do it, it must be easy—a fallacy that haunts me still.

That was Williams's romantic period, and savants claimed that he could see the ball so well he could pluck it out of the catcher's mitt and jerk it around to farthest right by dint of blinding bat speed. Twenty years earlier, Babe Ruth had stood baseball on its ear by letting all the slack out of his swing without sacrificing too much accuracy; Williams seemed to let out more slack still and, by committing himself so late, to sacrifice nothing. Thus did "The Splendid Splinter" become "The Thumper." Impossible. No one *that* thin is supposed to hit the ball *that* far.

When I next saw Williams, after World War II, there was a bit less splinter about him and a touch more thump, as if (a largish) Frank Sinatra had grown into (a smallish) John Wayne. His swing seemed, if anything, deadlier now but less improvised; less dashing but more majes-

tic. Like Muhammad Ali after his enforced layoff from boxing during the Vietnam War, Williams was still a genius, but a *different* genius.

I remember his exit at least, if not that gorgeous entrance. The last major league game of Theodore Samuel Williams was one of the handful of historical events that have evoked works precisely worthy of them—in this case John Updike's October 1960 *New Yorker* article, "Hub Fans Bid Kid Adieu."

"Like a feather caught in a vortex," Updike wrote of Williams's home run in his last time at bat in Fenway Park, "Williams ran around the square of bases at the center of our beseeching screaming. He ran as he always ran out home runs—hurriedly, unsmiling, head down, as if our praise were a storm of rain to get out of. He didn't tip his cap. Though we thumped, wept, and chanted 'We want Ted' for minutes after he hid in the dugout, he did not come back. Our noise for some seconds passed beyond excitement into a kind of immense open anguish, a wailing, a cry to be saved. But immortality is not transferable. The papers said that the other players, and even the umpires on the field, begged him to come out and acknowledge us in some way, but he never had and did not now. Gods do not answer letters."*

Updike's title suggests that Ted Williams left baseball pretty much the way he came in. In sober fact, however, the droopy-drawered elder statesman who refused down to his very last game to tip his cap after a home run had come quite some distance in character as well as style from the twitching, hyperactive braggart who hove into view back in 1939.

Now *there* was a real Kid for you, baseball's Amadeus; no one had ever seen anything quite like it. Insofar as history can be defined by things that hadn't happened yet, the names to bear in mind would be James Dean, the aforementioned Muhammad Ali, John McEnroe, along with successive swarms of brats and punks who have taken all the sparkle out of rudeness and the youthful joy out of self-absorption.

Today we might feel quite at home with such a one as Williams; in a world full of

"Kids," what's another one more or less? But in a mid-Depression training-camp spring, what was anyone to make of a lad who, legend has it, ordered the Red Sox regulars (including three future Hall of Famers) to stand aside from the batting cage to let a real hitter hit?

The only thing 30's-ish about Williams was the hungry intensity with which he swung the bat, as if life itself depended on it; there would be no early retirement for this Kid, and no detours into pleasure. For him, this was pleasure enough, expectation and performance and reward all in one swipe. Who can forget him dancing with delight as he ran out his game-winning home run in the 1941 All Star game? That was all the celebration a man needed, or at least all he allowed himself in those days, and he squeezed it to the last mad drop.

Between trips to the plate the day was gotten through, somehow, by swinging a phantom bat in the outfield—at the risk of being nailed to the ground by a fly ball—and by swinging a real one in front of hotel mirrors—at the risk of smashing one. "Boy, what power!" journalist Richard Ben Kramer reports him saying as he belted a bedpost one night and totaled the bed with his roommate in it.

He filled his off-field time with all the jumpy irritability of a man who's been interrupted in the act of love. Having fine-tuned himself as a virtuoso, he never quite got over the idea that people were allowed to scream during his performances, and the crowds at Fenway Park never got over the pleasure of riling the maestro.

Later on, Williams learned to discipline himself down to one measly spitting incident and one pioneering wave of the finger (now, of course, everybody does it). But for baseball fans, and even more for Boston sportswriters, nothing can compare with an idea whose time has passed, and even after Williams had fractured an elbow going after a fly ball in another All Star game, and even after he had flown as a combat pilot in two wars (most players never actually *fought* in any wars at all), the myth persisted ~~gritily~~ of a rabbit-eared monomaniac who had no life at all outside the batter's box.

It should be added that Williams hardly helped matters by disdaining to dispel any

WILFRID SHEED, novelist and critic, has written about sports for *Sports Illustrated*, *Life* and *The New York Review*. His most recent book is *Essays in Disguise*.

misunderstandings whatsoever. If the writers thought he played only for himself, to hell with them; his answer was simply not to talk to them. And if the fans could be won round with a simple tip of the cap, then a tip of the cap they would not get. Stubbornness was essential to his art, even if it seemed at times to leave a whole city baying for his attention.

And what an art it was! People who think that hitting a baseball is not worthy of a grown man's fullest powers have obviously not heard Ted Williams talk about it. Ballplayers, at least, know better and still flock to his shrine for one million-dollar tip, some trifle of footwork that will lift them overnight from the slums to the house on the hill.

From what seeps out of the oracle's cave, it seems fair to suggest that a man possessed of his particular vision would have to appear to play selfishly. For instance, Williams could not swing at a bad pitch if a pennant depended on it, because his sense of the strike zone was worth more to him (and ultimately, he believed, to the team) than any one hit could ever be. And even when opposing managers stacked fielders over on the right side, he could not hit to the left because it would have meant messing with that magic swing. "Just once," howled fans and sportswriters alike. "Pretty please. Ugly please. Anything."

To which Williams might have answered, if he ever answered anything, "What more can I do for you?" The *New York Times* estimated that had Williams not lost five seasons to war and injuries, he would have finished second in all-time runs and runs batted in, not bad for a man accused of not being a team player. In fact, being a team player for the Red Sox of that era would have been a fool's errand anyway. Their employer, Tom Yawkey, was a singularly infantile man even by baseball owner standards, and it seems that he liked to hire expensive ballplayers just so he could meet them and, if all went well, buy them a drink. (As a consequence, the Sox were known as a country-club team even when they were good, and they weren't often good during Williams's tenure.)

There were very few events in Williams's career that he did not create himself. Otherwise he played in a vacuum, and in memory one still sees him swinging away by himself, as he had as a child, alone on his podium. He did not create this situation, he just played for a very odd ballclub.

In the one World Series that came his way, Williams performed indifferently, and the Boston writers incredibly put it down to selfishness, as if Williams had gone out of his way to lay an egg while the world watched. Afterward, Ted the Selfish locked himself in his train compartment and cried, and his feud with the writers and their readers was unnecessarily reopened and prolonged for another five years or so.

At any rate, whatever was left of their clownish allegations was put to eternal rest in 1969 when Williams decided to try his own hand at managing. It goes without saying (or at least I wish it would) that superstars make lousy teachers, chiefly because even the most modest of them can't fathom what ails the incompetent.

So what did Williams do but become Manager of the Year his first season, against stiff competition, by persuading his humpty-dumpties to play over their heads.

And when he did come to grief—or at least normality—three years later, it was not from Great Man's disease, but from his old virtue, stubbornness, and from yet another foolish owner who had traded away all of his prize chicks and blithely requested his manager to go incubate a new batch.

Faced with being less than the best at something, Williams repaired to the privacy of fishing—at which he is said, and not only by himself, to be merely incomparable. His years of solitude have apparently given him, or exaggerated in him, the kind of booming voice that one associates with slight deafness, and in this voice he can sound anything from brilliant to oafish, but in either case not the least like anyone else. Wherever Williams gets his thoughts from, it is not from ordinary human interchange. Rather it must come from some lightning contact between eye, brain and subject that is his alone.

Williams's stats have stood the test of time. So too his 1955 Topps baseball card, now worth \$350.

THEODORE SAMUEL WILLIAMS
outfield Boston Red Sox

TED WILLIAMS
outfield BOSTON RED SOX

One of the greatest players of all time, Ted is 'Mr. Baseball' himself! He has the highest B.A. of any active player in the game. He has won 10 All-Star Games, he holds a .407 B.A. and has captured the Batting and R.B.I. Crown 4 times! Ted broke his collarbone in Spring Training last year but returned to lead the A.L. in Slugging (.635) and place 2nd in Homers! A real Major League Champion!

Height: 6'3"
Weight: 205
Bats: Left
Throws: Right
Home: So. Miami, Fla.
Born: Oct. 30, 1918

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD

	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	2b	3b	H.R.	R.B.I.	B. Avg.
Year	117	386	83	133	23	1	29	89	.345
Life	1581	5573	1385	1937	395	63	366	1387	.348

FIELDING

	P.O.	Assists	Errors	F. Avg.
Year	213	5	4	.982
Life	3221	115	94	.973

WHAT IS FRUIT LE... in warm climates. The Spring Training exhibition exhibition.

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Continued from page 55

was shopping for a too-expensive house of my own, he offered to advance me the down payment, and though I turned him down, I knew he meant it. He invariably grabbed the check at restaurants, no matter how large the party. He seemed to consider it a point of honor.

It was over a check that I first saw the dark side of Ted Williams's moon.

I had met him years before, at a Miami horse show. I knew his reputation for rudeness, particularly toward writers, but instead of a rebuff, I got an invitation to sit down. We talked, amiably, for more than an hour. He seemed glad I'd dropped by. I thought to myself, "Gee, what a misunderstood guy." Later, he invited me to fish for tarpon with him, and a friendship grew. We were at work on his book during spring training in Ocala, Fla., where Williams was helping the Red Sox's minor-league hitters, when I made the mistake of reaching for a breakfast check.

If I knew then what I learned in time, I would have recognized the signs: the taut conversation, the shrunken eyes. Even when he wasn't chewing, his mandibles jumped.

I had the check in my hand and was starting to get up when he reached across the table and yanked it away. "Don't be a big shot," he said in a voice loud enough to be heard to the four walls. Then he unleashed a cataract of epithets, the volume of which could have satisfied a day's quota for everyone in the restaurant. There was nothing really personal in them, but they hit me like a fist.

I watched him storm out. I sat there for a long time—angry, hurt, embarrassed. Still seething, I finally got up and drove to the ballpark. When he saw me he waved perfunctorily and went back to his work. When he was alone, I walked over and told him, as calmly as I could, what I thought of his actions. He said nothing. I turned and left.

At 5 o'clock I was in my hotel room, packing to leave, when there was a loud knock on the door. I opened it to find Williams looming there with a wry half-smile, his head bent slightly to one side. "Wanna eat?" he asked. Stunned again, I followed dutifully along. The issue was resolved, without a resolution. In time I came to realize it was the closest he could come to an apology.

Nobody who knew him any better than I ever convinced me they had figured out what made him blow that way. Of all the



Passing the torch at the Red Sox training camp in Winter Haven, Fla.: Williams has said he would gladly coach hitters for the whole league if asked.

quirky elements of his personality, his tirades made the least sense. It was as if his character had been wired faultily, with an endless capacity for shorts, and when one inevitably occurred, all his charm went with it. But who knew when he'd blow?

As a player he threw bats and tantrums and once busted a water cooler with his bare fist. He spat and made obscene gestures at the fans when they booed him, and he berated the ever-critical Boston press. He threw golf clubs and fishing gear and cursed and shouted and stormed around. Once, when we were playing tennis, he threw his racquet with such force the handle stuck in the fence, high up. The absurdity of it hit him as he clambered up to get it, and he laughed in spite of himself.

His wives were not spared. His first gave up after bearing him a daughter, Bobby Jo, and hanging on for a long time. (Today Bobby Jo, 41, lives in Nashville, where she is a secretary.) His second wife got out quickly. His third, Dolores, bore him a son, John Henry (now 22 and a student at the University of Maine), and a daughter, Claudia (now 19 and attending finishing school in France). Dolores was tougher than the others. She had been a high-fashion model, knew the limelight herself and gave as good as she got. Their scorched-air encounters were famous up and down the Florida Keys.

But, to my knowledge, his abuse was never physical. He seemed to know better. Just as he knew, in a peculiarly detached

way, that his numbing, belittling verbal assaults reflected poorly on himself.

He realized, he said, that he "should have had more fun in baseball than anyone who ever lived." He hadn't because he was "in a shell an awful lot," feeling sorry for himself. He resented his childhood, his father's absences, his mother's having to work "all hours of the night" for the Salvation Army, leaving him and his younger brother to fend for themselves. He resented the small, dirty house the family lived in with its "holes in the furniture, the mice running around."

As a player, he resented the Boston press and the Boston fans. And he resented the Boston management for not *protecting* him from the press and the fans. He resented the Internal Revenue Service. He resented the "gutless politicians" who didn't intercede when the Marine Corps called him back to fly combat missions in the Korean War, when he had already served in World War II. He resented the five-plus years those two hitches took from the beating heart of his career and never stopped lamenting what that stolen time did to his record.

The hard truth, of course, is that the childish acts Williams carried into adulthood were never as complicated as his apologists made them seem. From his earliest days as a player, "The Kid," as he called himself, was not rebuked for his transgressions but rewarded, particularly by team owner and father-figure Tom

Yawkey. Williams got away with his petulance because he was *allowed* to, over and over, until it became a way of life. It wasn't complicated at all.

Could Williams have been disciplined? Of course. By all accounts he was an exemplary Marine officer, a first-rate jet pilot and a war hero. However much he resented his Korea stint, he went along uncomplainingly, smart enough to know that a lack of discipline would never be tolerated, and might even get him killed.

And then there was his hitting, the lifeblood of his expression. Nothing in sport, he believed, required more skill, more scientific application and control, and if he didn't fulfill his childhood ambition to become "the greatest hitter who ever lived," he was certainly the most disciplined. Those who found dumbfounding his passive deference to umpires (he never argued strike calls) did not understand: The batter's box was his holy of holies. There you did not challenge higher authority, you bowed to it.

As a kid, he had examined every hitting theory, sought out every hitter he thought might know something he didn't. He practiced until the blisters bled, and loved doing it. Long after he quit playing, he

would leap up from an easy chair to demonstrate a technique. I have been with him when he rocked his little fishing skiff perilously on an open sea, swinging an imaginary bat to make a point. One night on a safari in Africa, we lay on our cots before sleep and he bemoaned the miserable hitting he had seen that year. Before long I could hear him grunting, softly. I opened my eyes to see his silhouette against the tent, swinging away.

Which brings us back to the winter day in 1960 when he walked into General Manager Dick O'Connell's office in Boston to discuss his final contract. O'Connell had it waiting on the desk: "Same as last year, Ted," he said, "\$125,000." But 1959 had been nothing like the same for Williams. A pinched nerve in his neck had restricted his exquisite swing, and he had suffered through an ordinary season for the first time in 22 years as a pro.

Two years before, though pushing 40, he had hit .388, the highest average in the majors since Williams's own supernal .406 in 1941 (the last year anyone hit .400). In 1958, he had won his seventh batting championship with a more temporal .328. But in '59, barely able to face the pitcher, he wallowed through one slump after another to finish at .254, his only sub-.300 season as a big-leaguer. The Boston press, ever eager to count him out, pronounced the obsequies. A concerned Tom Yawkey suggested that perhaps the old warrior ought to rest on his laurels and call it a career.

Williams said he wasn't going to rest on anything. It had nothing to do with age, he said. He was injured. But his purist's pride told him that .254 hitters didn't deserve \$125,000 a year. He told O'Connell he would play one more season, for \$90,000. "I'd gotten the biggest raises any player ever had," he later explained. "It was only right that I take the biggest cut."

Williams turned 42 that season. Cobb, Ruth, Hornsby, Foxx and DiMaggio were all retired by that age. Williams's neck still bothered him. He said he still didn't feel

"swishy" at the plate. But on his first time up, in the first game of the season, he hit a 500-foot home run.

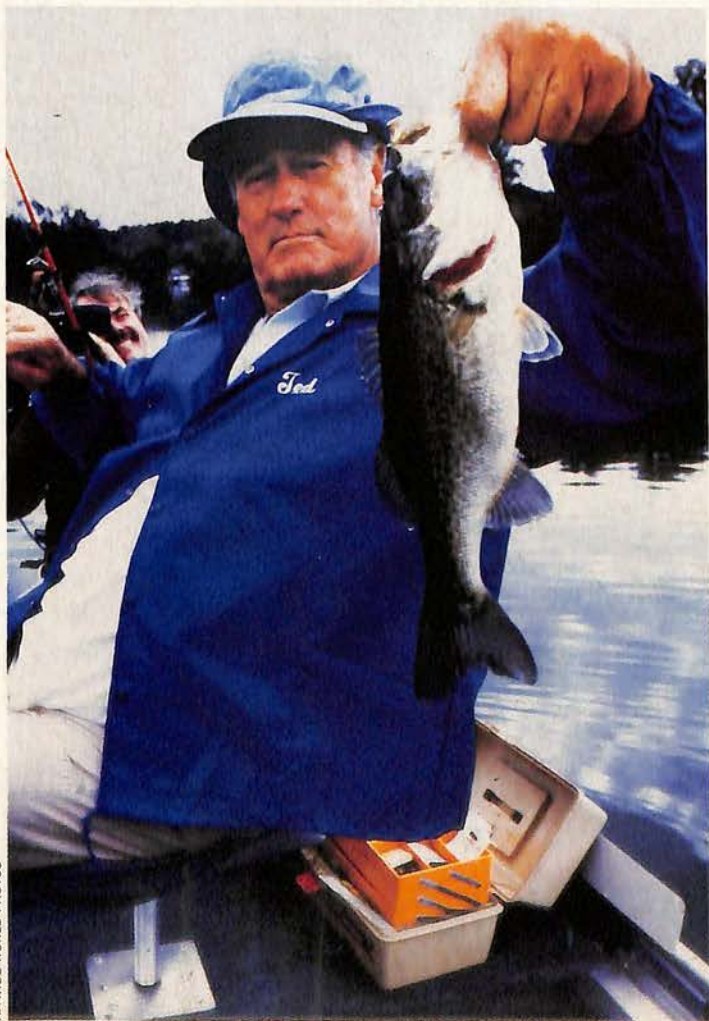
It turned out to be that kind of year. Aching and sore, he still managed to play in 113 games. He stayed well above .300 all year and finished at .316, not up to his heavenly standards, but only five points shy of still another batting championship. He hit 29 home runs, his last in his last game ever on his very last turn at bat. (Williams insists he had decided to quit in Boston—skipping a last series in New York—even *before* he hit his home run.) "It was a raw, gray, drizzly doghouse day" at Fenway Park, Ted recalled, and the Red Sox team was the worst in years, but the little crowd of 10,000 reacted to his legendary blow "like nothing I have ever heard. They really put it on."

As he rounded the bases, he said he thought about tipping his hat. But he had vowed never to acknowledge the Boston fans again. And he didn't. "I was just fed up for good with that part of the act" he said afterward. "But you couldn't imagine the warm feelings I had, having done what every ballplayer would want to do on his last time up, having wanted to do it so badly, and knowing how the fans really felt, how happy they were for me."

Ted Williams is 71 years old now. When he is not fishing or hunting, or hacking at golf or tennis balls, he can be found at the Citrus Hills real estate development he now shills for and calls home in west-central Florida. He lives there with his old friend Louise Kaufman (having vowed never to marry again), in a house on the golf course. He got a deal.

At select occasions and locales—memorabilia and baseball card shows—Williams can be seen trading on his name. Bob Franzoni, his fishing friend and longtime business adviser, says Ted makes more money in a weekend of autographing than he did swinging a bat all season as a young ballplayer.

If the image of the last of the .400 hitters signing his name for cash sounds crass, as some contend, Ted Williams could remind them that a modern-day major-leaguer named Otis Nixon doubled his 1989 salary on the strength of a .217 season, and one named Cory Snyder went from \$340,000 a year to \$700,000 after hitting .215. Williams could say he was only making up for lost time. But he probably wouldn't say that. He'd probably tell you he's just making ends meet, and when would you like to go fishing?



Williams in retirement lives the only life style the big shots can't afford: unpretentious.

CAPRI

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satisfying
taste.



Menthol, 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine;
Regular, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine
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**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**

Only 9 mg tar. Regular and menthol 100's.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

1965

25 YEARS AGO

NEWSMAN AND THE SEA

Aug. 17 Robert Manry docked at Falmouth, England, this morning after a 78-day trans-Atlantic voyage in a 13½-foot sloop named *Tinkerbelle*. A newspaper editor from Cleveland, Manry made yachting history by crossing in the smallest sailing vessel ever to make the trip. Describing the "unbearable loneliness" at sea, he said, "I would talk to *Tinkerbelle*. When she was being balky, I would scold her. When



GLOBE PHOTOS

she behaved, I praised her. After a while, I began to talk of the pair of us as 'we.' "

Update Wayne Dickinson usurped Manry's place in the record books on March 20, 1983. Dickinson's 8-foot 11-inch craft, *God's Tear*, carried him across the Atlantic in 142 days.

PAPER JAM

Sept. 16 Seven New York newspapers stopped the presses today, idling 17,000 workers. The *New York Times* initiated the shutdown in response to a strike by the Newspaper Guild, and six other dailies followed. At issue: Job protection.

Update The strike lasted 25 days, until a mediated agreement was accepted at the urging of Mayor Robert Wagner. All-seven papers were back on sale by Oct. 11.

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



TUG OF WAR

Sept. 1 Pakistani forces crossed into Indian-held Kashmir today, escalating the armed struggle over the fate of the Kashmiri people. Since the 1947 partition of India, Indians and Pakistanis have been fighting sporadically for control of the resource-rich state. When shooting broke out early last month, India blamed

Pakistani "infiltrators." However, Pakistan's president called that claim "a pathetic attempt at deluding the world."

Update The undeclared war of 1965 has never been resolved, and today Kashmiris still clamor for self-determination. In the past two years, at least 300 people have been killed in the agitation.

INHUMAN CONDITIONS

Sept. 9 Senator Robert Kennedy today charged the state of New York with willful and criminal neglect of mentally retarded patients at the Willowbrook and Rome state schools. "That conditions such as those I saw should exist in this great state is a reproach to us all," said Kennedy, who found the hospitals dangerously overcrowded and the patients undernourished and diseased.

Update In 1972, when more than

5,000 retarded children lived at Willowbrook, parents sued the state. Three years later, the families agreed to a consent decree under which the Willowbrook population was limited to 250 patients. In 1987, a Federal judge ordered the state to close the institution and relocate its 130 residents to group homes of fewer than 16 beds. Today the Staten Island Developmental Disabilities Services office occupies the site.



BILL STANTON/MAGNUM PHOTOS

Around the World

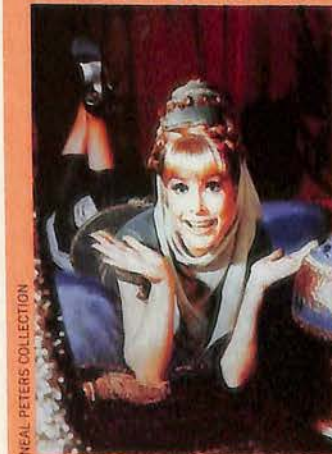
Aug. 9 Singapore secedes from two-year federation with Malaysia . . . **Aug. 24** Saudi King Faisal and U.A.R. president Nassar sign peace pact ending three-year war in Yemen . . . **Sept. 3** In Dominican Republic, rebel troops and backers of junta government put down arms as provisional government takes office.

At Home

Aug. 6 LBJ signs Voting Rights Act, empowering U.S. Attorney General to bring suit against states that employ poll taxes and literacy testing as a means of restricting voting . . . **Sept. 9** Hurricane Betsy rips through New Orleans, driving waters of Lake Pontchartrain over sea walls and levees and forcing 185,000 to seek emergency shelter . . . **Sept. 27** Clara Bow, the "It" Girl, dies in Hollywood at age 60.

Diversions

Aug. 1 The LP *Out of Our Heads* by the Rolling Stones hits number one in U.S. . . . **Aug. 14** Sonny and Cher's "I Got You, Babe" tops singles charts . . . **Sept. 9** L.A. Dodger Sandy Koufax pitches perfect game in 1-0 win over Chicago Cubs . . . **Sept. 15** NBC takes chance on new crime drama, *I Spy*, first non-comedy series to star a black actor, Bill Cosby . . . **Sept. 18** Barbara Eden and Larry Hagman star in /



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

Dream of Jeannie, sitcom about beautiful genie and her astronaut master.

—Wendy Leonard

**25 YEARS AGO:
A LOS ANGELES COMMUNITY ERUPTS IN VIOLENCE**

The Watts riot lasted six days, left 34 dead, cost millions in property damage and scarred the neighborhood, perhaps forever.

By Karl Fleming



Burn



Baby Burn!



The supermarkets were on fire. "You could smell meat and spices burning."

les, literally as well as figuratively, because landscaping blocked a view of the area from the freeway. To most whites, it was as remote as a foreign country. In 1965, the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Herald Examiner* and the city's TV stations did not have a single black reporter on staff. The news from Watts was nil, except for occasional remarks about the so-called Watts Towers, filigreed spires of scrap iron, broken crockery and seashells constructed over the course of 30 years, beginning in 1923, by an Italian immigrant named Simon Rodia.

On Wednesday, Aug. 11, 1965, I was vacationing with my wife and four sons in an oceanfront house in Newport Beach, 50 miles south of Los Angeles, when one of my bureau reporters telephoned to say that a crowd of 1,000 angry Watts blacks had stoned police after the arrest of a young black man on suspicion of drunk driving. But after four hours of jeering, jostling and rock throwing, things appeared to be under control. I wasn't very alarmed.

The next day my colleague called with news that the rioting had resumed and was spreading. I rushed north toward the scene on the Harbor Freeway, which bisects Watts 10 miles east of the Los Angeles airport. As I approached, the four lanes of traffic moved placidly along, drivers apparently oblivious to what was happening. Overhead, planes floated peacefully down the airport glide path. Great funnels of flame and smoke rose all around the planes from dozens of fires that burned over a wide area.

Exiting the freeway onto Manchester Boulevard, I could hear sirens, the pop and crackle of gunfire and the crash of breaking glass. The streets were jammed with people running, speeding cars, ambulances and fire trucks. Black pedestrians glared angrily at me as I passed, and I began to feel that old familiar fear of mob violence.

Along Central Avenue, the main business artery, and in adjoining streets, the scene was bedlam. Police cars, ambulances and fire trucks raced through a hail of stones, sirens blaring. Markets, shops, liquor stores were in flames. The cops told me white-owned stores had been set afire by blacks hurling homemade Molotov cocktails through windows. The streets and sidewalks were covered with broken glass. Shotgun-wielding cops fired at the

UPI/BETT MANN NEWSPHOTOS

After five years spent covering civil rights stories in the South, the last thing I expected when I moved to California in 1965 to become *Newsweek's* Los Angeles bureau chief was more racial violence. I certainly never thought I'd witness the most violent of a wave of black riots that swept through urban America in the mid-60's. The spontaneous firestorm that erupted in Watts over the course of a week in August 1965 was, at the time, the most destructive such event in this country's history.

In the course of familiarizing myself with my new beat earlier that summer, I

had toured Watts, as the 34,000-strong black section southeast of downtown Los Angeles was known, and interviewed black leaders. They reviewed what seemed—compared to what I had witnessed elsewhere—a mild litany of complaints about underfunded schools, a lack of jobs, poor transportation and police heavy-handedness. With its neat rows of sun-splashed bungalows, clean, palm-lined streets and tidy businesses, Watts looked like paradise compared to the decaying vertical slums of Chicago, Detroit and New York, or the squalid, shotgun-shack, back-alley black warrens of the South. Certainly there was no strong evidence to indicate a community at racial flashpoint.

Watts was invisible to white Los Ange-

KARL FLEMING is president of Prime Time Communications in Los Angeles.

hundreds of shirtless blacks who raged through the streets, many carrying loot, "do" rags tied around their heads, screaming "Burn baby burn!" Scores of automobiles lay overturned and ablaze. The smog- and fire-choked sky was a sickly yellow. It was suffocatingly hot, as it had been for several days.

Suddenly I was confronted by three blacks, their eyes blazing.

"What the f--- you doing down here, Whitey?" one of them yelled.

"I'm a reporter," I said, flashing my notebook.

"You gonna be a dead motherf---er if you don't get your honky ass out of here," he said.

I walked, heart pounding, toward a makeshift police command post that had been set up at Central and 65th Street.

"You'd better stick close," a cop warned. "They're pulling any white people they see out of their cars and beating the crap out of them." And indeed, up the street I heard blacks shouting "Get Whitey!" as they ran.

All the next day the riot raged. By midnight, police reported, 10,000 people were involved over a battle zone 10 miles long and five miles wide. The 900 policemen at the scene were hopelessly outnumbered. Snipers fired at them and at firemen. That night saw the riot's first fatality when a deputy sheriff was killed by a rifle shot.

Gov. Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, reached in Greece, where he was speaking at a conference, ordered Lieut. Gov. Glenn M. Anderson to call out the National Guard. Late on Friday, 13,000 heavily armed Guardsmen began to pour into the riot area with orders to use whatever force necessary. They fanned out through the roiling streets in jeeps with mounted machine guns and set up roadblocks at intersections. A sign at one roadblock read "Turn Left Or Get Shot!"

Despite an 8 P.M. curfew, black mobs swirled through the streets for five more howling days and nights, looting stores in broad daylight, engaging cops and Guardsmen in guerrilla battles, attacking white civilians. A white couple pulled from a car on Avalon Boulevard were pummeled by a mob yelling "Kill, kill!" A white man was mauled so badly that one eye dangled from its socket.

At one point, black comedian and civil rights activist Dick Gregory, hoping to help stop the violence, walked into a no-man's land lit only by police flares and the orange glow of buildings on fire. "Go



Some stores marked to indicate black ownership managed to escape devastation.

home! Go home!" he shouted, only to be shot in the thigh by a low-caliber slug. He walked toward a rioter who carried a rifle. "You shot me once," he shouted. "Now get off the goddamn street."

At another point on Central Avenue, I watched cops march a group of mostly old couples and children in their nightclothes out of second-floor apartments from which sniper fire had been reported. The cops forced them to lie face down in the street. Then they sprayed the windows with automatic rifle fire.

"What about our rights?" a black man said, raising his head.

"You goddamn niggers have given up your rights this week," a cop barked. "One more move and I'll kill you."

Hardly a single white business escaped

attack. So many stores were burned and looted along a six-block stretch of 103d Street that it quickly became known as "Charcoal Alley." Black store-owners painted "Blood Brother" and "Soul Brother" on their windows, hoping to escape destruction. In one block of Central Avenue every business was destroyed except the Soul City Record Shop and Marie's Beauty Bowl. Both had been marked to indicate black ownership.

Despite police announcements that looters would be shot—and plenty of evidence that they meant it—the streets swarmed with blacks carrying away whatever they could.

Ferman Moore, a black high-school sophomore, was working at a hamburger stand on Avalon Boulevard when the trouble started. Driving home that evening, he was ordered out of his car at 105th Street and hit with a rifle butt by a cop.

"I jumped in my car and went home," he said. "When I woke up next morning, all of Watts was burning. Everybody was in it. The people of the community were completely rebelling. Everything was on fire. The supermarkets were on fire, and you could smell meat and spices burning. The police were shooting at groups of

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"One more move and I'll kill you." Police brutality was residents' chief grievance.

"A Community, Not a Riot"

By Ron Harris

Running straight through Watts to a dead-end in a sprawling low-income public housing complex is a street whose name rings with irony to many of the people who live there. The green and white signs that bear the name are a mocking reminder to the unemployed and underemployed, the crack dealers and addicts, the gang members and high school dropouts that something has gone awry in their lives.

The name: Success Avenue.

In this 2½-square-mile community there are virtually no grocery stores, restaurants, movie theaters or banks. It is a place where a routine traffic stop can turn into a police pat-down and trunk search.

Twenty-five years after the riot in Watts, the very name of the community has become synonymous with ghetto. The riot is all many people know of Watts, as if time stopped for the community that tumultuous week in August 1965.

"Wherever I go, even now, people ask me about it," says Grace Payne, who has lived in Watts for 40 years and heads the Westminster Neighborhood Association, its largest social service agency. On frequent speaking tours she prefaces her remarks with a reminder that "Watts is a community, not a riot," but the image is not easily erased.

Watts actually is home to only a small percentage of the city's minority residents—fewer than one in 20 Los Angeles blacks live here. And it is not the city's poorest community; the Pico Union area, just south of downtown, has that distinction. The last 10 years have seen an influx of Mexican-American and Latino immigrants. Thirty-four percent of what was once an all-black community is now Latino. And while Watts has its youth gangs—Crips and Bloods—gangs infest most L.A. neighborhoods, from the white, middle-income San Fernando Valley to trendy Venice Beach.

"Watts has the same problems that other communities have," says Myr-

na Lewis, a police officer assigned to Watts. "But when you tell people you work in Watts, it's always, 'Aren't you scared?' I tell them, 'No. People live there like people everywhere.'"

What Watts suffers from more than similar communities elsewhere is poor public relations. "You say 'Watts' and what do people think? Lowlifes," complains Jay Milligan, a longtime Watts homeowner.

Watts contains more public housing projects per square mile than any other section of Los Angeles. With their dismal, foreboding atmosphere and oddly pretentious names—Nickerson Gardens, Imperial Courts, Hacienda Heights and Jordan Downs Courts—the projects tend to obscure the fact that the vast majority of Watts residents live in single-family homes, where bright flowers adorn small front yards, jade plants grow chest-high and lemon, peach and plum trees hang heavy with fruit. In the backyards are small gardens of collard greens, carrots, cucumbers, tomatoes and zucchini.

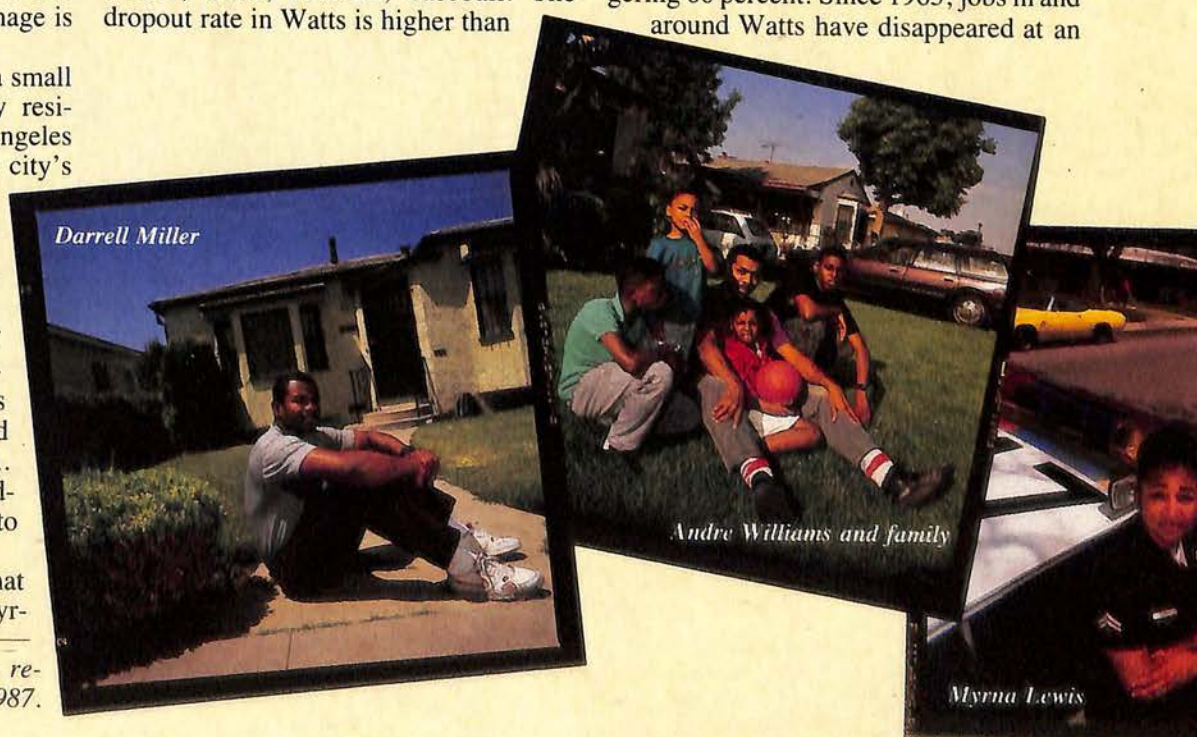
While gang toughs do roam the streets, area parks are filled with youngsters from community-sponsored sports leagues—soccer, track, football, baseball. The dropout rate in Watts is higher than

in the rest of the city, hovering around 44 percent at some schools. But sitting by the railroad tracks at 112th and Central is Verbum Dei, a private Catholic school where 80 percent of the graduates go to college. One recent graduate is a Rhodes Scholar. It is this side of Watts, residents complain, that nobody ever sees.

Harvey Taylor (not his real name) was only a few months old when the riot occurred, but he feels he is held partly responsible for it, as if he'd cast the first stone. He was fired from a job with an Orange County insurance agency after co-workers blamed a storeroom theft on him. "I didn't know nothing about it," he told the *Los Angeles Times*, "but the manager calls me in and tells me how he tried to give me a break but I blew it. And how people in Watts all want something for nothing. I wanted to hit him, but I just walked away."

Taylor is convinced he would still have his job if he lived anywhere else. "People just think the worst of us," he says.

Unemployment in Watts hovers around 16 percent, more than triple the national average. Among young men it hits a staggering 60 percent. Since 1965, jobs in and around Watts have disappeared at an



RON HARRIS, a Los Angeles Times reporter, lived in Watts from 1984 to 1987.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY KIRK MCKOY

alarming rate. The closing of the Firestone Rubber Plant, General Motors and Good-year in the late 70's to mid-80's accounted for a loss of 10,000 jobs. More jobs were lost when Mattel and Max Factor closed in the early 80's in neighboring El Segundo. Several smaller businesses have also closed.

The lost jobs have been only partially replaced by minimum-wage positions at fast-food restaurants or at the shopping center built five years ago on the burned-out "Charcoal Alley." Consequently, the median family income in Watts, including those on welfare, is \$11,500, about half that for the rest of Los Angeles.

"The biggest problem is jobs," says State Representative Maxine Waters, who has struggled to bring industry and job training to the area. "People want jobs, they want them badly," she says as she looks at the anxious faces packed into a gymnasium one morning for a job training program.

Though gangs existed 25 years ago, their numbers have multiplied wildly. An estimated one of every four black and Latino youths in Watts has been associated with a gang in some way. The level of gang violence has also escalated as youngsters have gone from bricks and bottles to

Uzis and AK-47's. The community suffers severely from drive-by shootings and random destruction.

Andre Williams, an electrical repairman for a public utilities company, lives with his wife and four children in one of the better sections of Watts. His wife's brother, who was not a gang member, was 15 years old when he was killed three years ago in a drive-by shooting 10 blocks from his home.

Williams and his wife are forced to send their 14-year-old son, Gavin, to a school outside the community because nearer schools are controlled by the Crip gang. The Williamses live in Blood territory. It doesn't matter that their son is not a gang member. "Lots of families have that problem," says Williams, a lifelong resident who now owns the house his parents rented when he was a child. "It's a sad story, but that's the way it is."

This kind of hair-trigger life is not what a young man we'll call Henry envisions for himself. A few years ago, Henry, 16, was asked to join the Grape Street gang, probably the biggest Crip set in Watts and the acknowledged rulers of the tattered Jordan Downs housing project. At first he declined, but when his 19-year-old uncle was killed at a local park, Henry told the

gang that he wanted in.

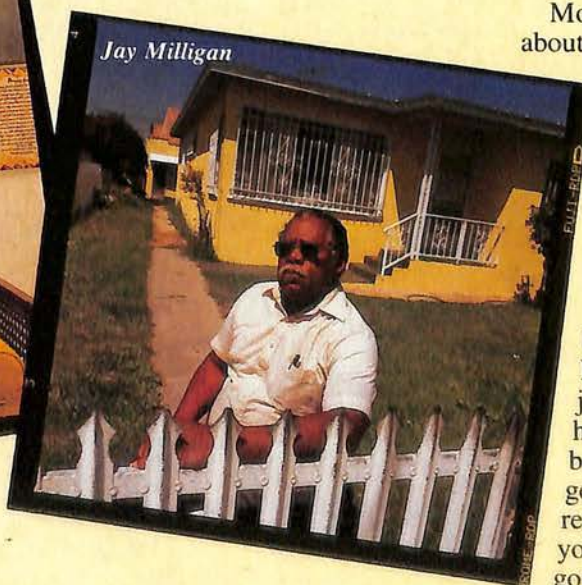
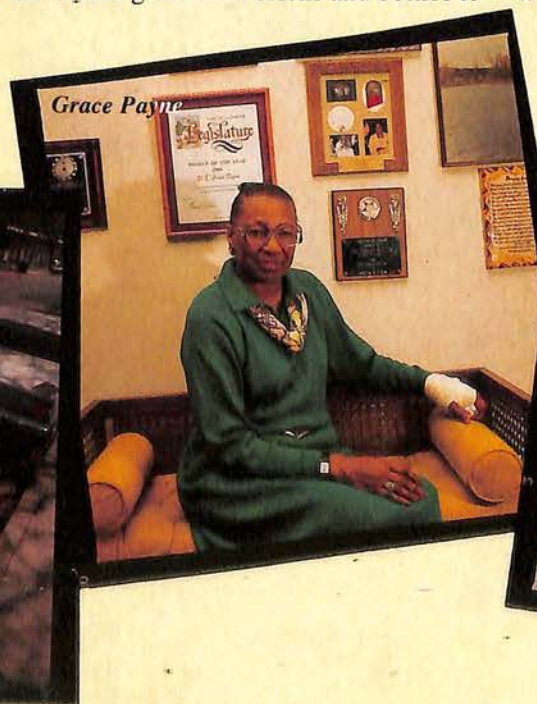
To prove himself at the initiation ceremony, he had to fight five fellow Grape Street members, one after the other. Selling cocaine as a member, he grossed \$300 a day, of which he kept half. He quit dealing after a year because he was afraid of getting shot. Now Henry walks a tight-rope. He still goes to Jordan High, but most of his friends have dropped out. He watches the older guys spend their days on the main street that runs through the middle of Grape Street's territory, their gold chains shimmering against white T-shirts. Henry knows they have no future except selling "the rock."

"Sometimes I think that'll probably be me," he says. "I know I'm hanging out with the wrong people. Then again, if I stay on the right track, go to school, do my work, play football, then I got a chance."

Watts, too, has a chance. Under Watts 2000, a joint city/county redevelopment proposal, an estimated \$100 million will be pumped into the community over the next 10 years. Streets, sidewalks, sewers and buildings will be repaired and upgraded. A light rail system is under consideration, and other public transportation in the area will be improved. Industries willing to move into Watts and hire community residents for at least 50 percent of their work force will receive substantial tax credits.

Most Watts residents are skeptical about such plans. They have heard them before. But Darrell Miller, 28, thinks the proposal may make a difference. Miller works two jobs as a security guard and lives with his wife and daughter in a three-bedroom, two-bath house they recently bought for \$78,000—a bargain for any area of Los Angeles.

"In five years, Watts is going to be an ideal place to live," says Miller as he digs up the flower bed just behind the white picket fence in his front yard. "Things are getting better. People are starting to pull together and look out for each other. I really see improvement. I'm telling you, a few years from now, Watts is going to be the place to be." ■





The streets were showered with glass as looters grabbed whatever they could carry and ran.

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people standing on the streets: 'I don't know who you are. I don't care who you are.' Boom!"

Outside a pillaged store on Central Avenue another black teen-ager surveyed the wreckage on the streets. "You jes' take and run," he said. "An' you burn when there ain't nuthin' to take. You burn Whitey, man. You burn his tail up so he knows what it's all about."

Through all the previous years of the civil rights movement no man had moved more people to nonviolent action than Martin Luther King Jr. He rushed from Atlanta and entered Watts on Saturday under armed guard to try to help restore order. But the depth of the chasm that separated him—no less than whites—from the angry black ghetto quickly became apparent.

I had heard King speak at Southern church meetings dozens of times, and I watched as he tried to reason with 200 angry blacks inside a faded two-story hall in the middle of the riot zone. He was mocked and jeered before he even opened his mouth to speak.

One young onlooker shouted, "I had a dream. I had a dream. Hell, we don't want no damn dreams. We want jobs." Another yelled, "The people here don't feel bad about what's happening. They have nothing to lose. They don't have jobs or decent homes. What else could they do?"

"Burn baby burn!" someone else whooped, and the crowd cheered.

King finally started his speech. "We must join hands . . ." he began. "And

burn!" someone yelled. The crowd cheered again.

King and other black leaders might as well have stayed home. "Civil rights organizations have failed. No one has any roots in the ghetto of Watts," said James Farmer, chairman of the Congress on Racial Equality (CORE).

White Los Angeles was stunned, angered and frightened. After smaller black riots broke out in Pasadena and Venice, gun stores reported that whites were arming themselves by the hundreds all over Los Angeles.

White leaders did little to allay their fears. Los Angeles Police Chief William Parker, already much criticized in the black community, likened the rioters to "monkeys in a zoo" and blamed "so-called leaders of the Negro community" for the trouble.

Mayor Sam Yorty blamed the riots on "Communist influences," refused to meet with black leaders and said criticism of Chief Parker was part of "a worldwide subversive campaign to stigmatize all police as brutal."

It took six days of looting, burning, rock throwing and gun battling before the rioting subsided and the curfew could be lifted. The toll was staggering. "It cost

\$200 million, and 34 folks [all but four black] were killed. I hope Whitey got the message," one angry black man told me.

More than 1,000 were injured, 209 buildings were destroyed and another 787 were damaged by fire. Whole blocks lay in rubble and ashes. In all, police jailed 3,438 adults and 514 juveniles.

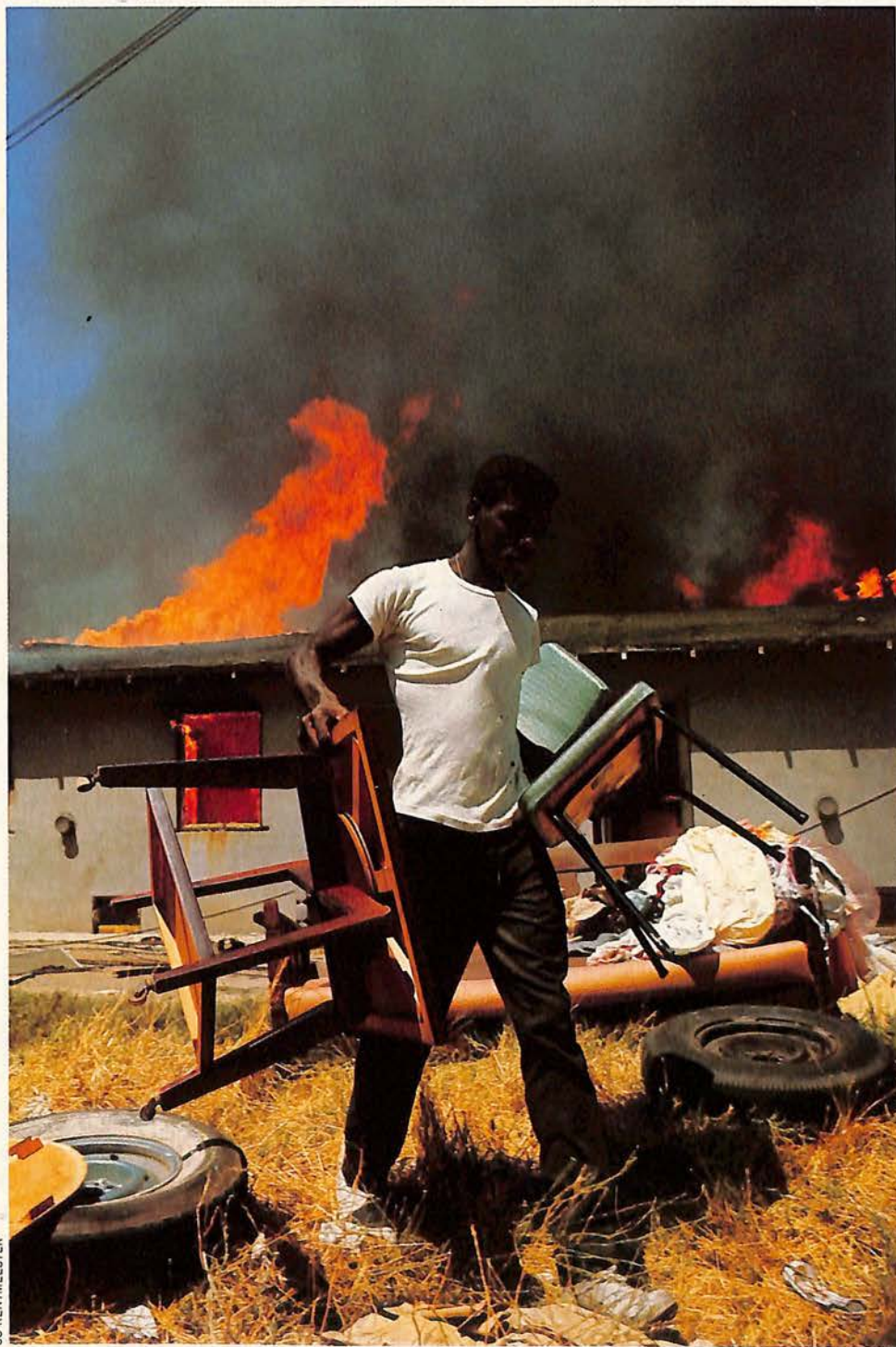
The *Los Angeles Times* proclaimed in a front-page editorial that "there are no words to express the shock, the sick horror, that a civilized city feels at a moment like this."

Governor Brown quickly appointed a commission, headed by ex-C.I.A. Director John A. McCone, to investigate the riot's causes and recommend measures to prevent another outbreak. Long before the panel swore in its first witness, testimony—bitter and eloquent—boiled up from the desolated streets. Any time I stopped a Watts resident for an interview, a crowd would form. Frustration and anger about the lack of jobs, medical facilities and transportation would pour forth. Residents complained bitterly about out-of-touch black leaders and police brutality.

Naked hatred of Chief Parker and his force of 1,500 (205 blacks) was endemic, apparently for cause. Among many L.A. cops, a billy club was known as a "nigger knocker." A picture of Eleanor Roosevelt plastered on a wall in the 77th Street police station in Watts had "Nigger Lover" scrawled beneath it.



More than 13,000 National Guardsmen were called out to try to restore order.



CO RENTMEESTER

As fires spread through the community, damage was not confined solely to businesses.

"How do you think it feels to be a father with several kids and you're driving down the street and police stop you for a minor traffic violation," a middle-class black said to a *Los Angeles Times* reporter. "The first thing you know, they've got you out of that car, bent over with your hands flat on the hood and they're searching you while your kids are watching."

John Buggs, head of the L.A. County

Human Rights Commission, said that social isolation was more pernicious in Watts "than it ever was for the Negro rural residents of the South."

One hundred days after the riot, the McCone Commission issued its finding. Watts, it said, "had not been a race riot in the usual sense, but an explosion—a formless, quite senseless, all but hopeless violent protest."

"So serious and so explosive is the situation," the report warned, "that unless it is checked, the August riots may seem by comparison to be only a curtain-raiser for what could blow up one day."

In fact, two years later, black riots shook more than 100 U.S. cities, causing at least 117 deaths and thousands of injuries. Property damage approached \$1 billion. The most severe rioting erupted in mid-July 1967 in Newark, N.J., and a week later in Detroit, where Federal troops were called in to supplement National Guardsmen. "We have endured a week such as no nation should live through," said President Lyndon Johnson, "a time of violence and tragedy." New York Senator Robert Kennedy called the riots "the greatest domestic crisis since the War Between the States."

In the years following the Watts riot, hundreds of millions of dollars of Federal, state and city aid was poured into the community for job training programs, medical facilities and social service agencies. The 1965 budget of one such agency, the Westminster Neighborhood Association, increased more than 10 times (to \$894,000) the year after the riot. Members of the Watts Labor Community Action Committee, a community development corporation, cleared fields for the construction of the 400-bed Martin Luther King Jr. Hospital, which opened in 1972.

"People thought their millions would solve the problems of [those] who had done without for years," Father Morris Samuel, an Episcopal priest who volunteered to work in Watts the day after the riot ended, told the *Los Angeles Times* in 1980. "They thought we'd have instant success—like instant coffee." But the money soon ran out, and Watts receded from the spotlight. Renewed unemployment and scant progress in the creation of industry and real jobs worsened the economic plight of the community. Since the riot, the number of people in Watts receiving Welfare payments has nearly tripled.

Though police relations have improved considerably in recent years, the trend toward family disintegration has accelerated, and there is a consensus that schools are worse than ever, in part due to increased drug use.

"We are [running] a very serious risk of having a permanent black underclass," says Warren Christopher, a Los Angeles attorney who was vice chairman of the McCone Commission. "Developments in the 80's exacerbated that danger quite seriously. I can't be very optimistic."



The **Rise** *and* **Fall** *and* **Ris**

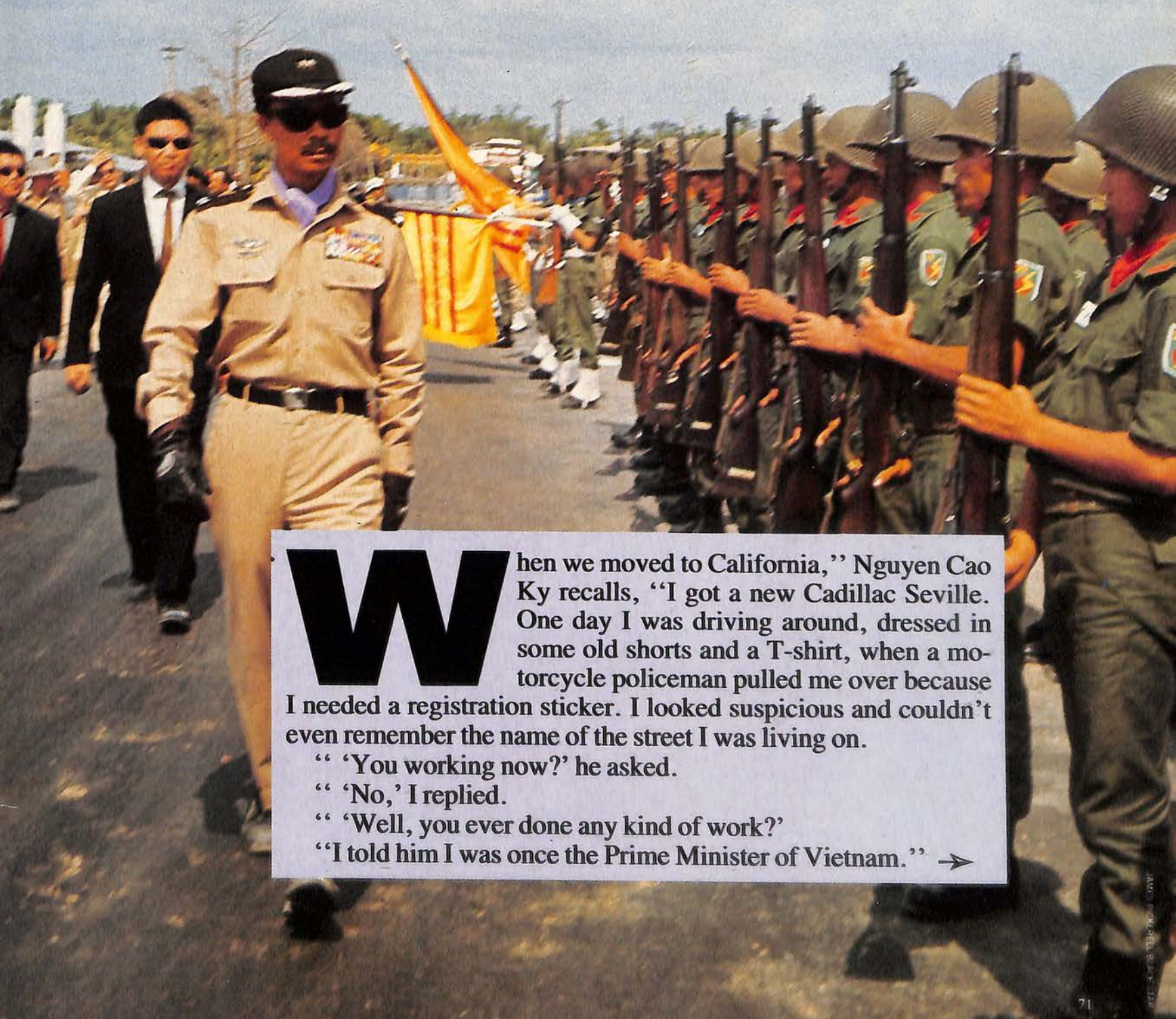


25 YEARS AGO: AIR MARSHAL KY BECOMES PREMIER OF VIETNAM

First he ran a country, then a liquor store. Now South Vietnam's Flamboyant Flyboy wants to be the expatriates' spokesman.

By David DeVoss

and **Fall** and **Rise** of Nguyen Cao Ky



When we moved to California,” Nguyen Cao Ky recalls, “I got a new Cadillac Seville. One day I was driving around, dressed in some old shorts and a T-shirt, when a motorcycle policeman pulled me over because I needed a registration sticker. I looked suspicious and couldn’t even remember the name of the street I was living on.

“ ‘You working now?’ he asked.

“ ‘No,’ I replied.

“ ‘Well, you ever done any kind of work?’

“ ‘I told him I was once the Prime Minister of Vietnam.’ ” →



As premier, Ky shared power with Nguyen Van Thieu (left). Later he opposed him.

By June 1965, South Vietnam was at the brink of anarchy. Since the assassination of President Ngo Dinh Diem 20 months earlier, the country had suffered three coups d'état, four abortive coups and 19 government reshuffles. President Lyndon Johnson had dispatched 75,000 American troops to prop up the South Vietnamese army (ARVN). But clearly more would be needed; the ARVN seemed more bent on avoiding than engaging the enemy, the Communist North Vietnam-supported Vietcong.

In desperation, the country's military leadership invited Nguyen Cao Ky (pronounced "win cow key"), a flamboyant, 34-year old fighter pilot who was also Vietnam's Air Vice Marshal, to become the country's youngest premier in history. "They forced me to take it," he would say years later, "wishing I would be killed in the next couple of days."

The sleek, mustachioed Ky cut a dashing figure in black flying suits set off by lavender ascots. A Northerner trained by the French as a pilot, he packed a pearl-handled pistol, zipped around on a motor scooter and recited love poems at dinner parties. Promising to mobilize all able-bodied men against the Vietcong, Ky predicted, "I shall be a hero or a tyrant."

There was a side to him that did want to serve and try to save Vietnam. I think he was sabotaged in part because he simply lacked political experience and personal maturity. That was a flaw he could not really overcome.

BILL DUKER, May 1990

Former Foreign Service Officer (Vietnam)

DAVID DEVOSS, a senior correspondent for the East-West News Service in Los Angeles, was a Time magazine correspondent in Vietnam in 1972 and 1973. He has visited Vietnam eight times since the end of the war.

As the nation's ace fighter pilot, Ky had continued to fly combat missions even after winning a second general's star. "He was a very courageous fellow," says former C.I.A. Director William Colby, "very combat oriented." Reports of his derring-do were rivaled only by those of his capacity for Scotch, cabarets and attractive women, whose homes he liked to buzz in his A-1 Skyraider. Thus, when he ordered his entire squadron to treetop the neighborhood of Dang Tuyet Mai, a willowy Air Vietnam stewardess, friends knew he'd fallen hard. The couple were married in November 1964 and, at the time of Ky's elevation to premier, lived in a modest, three-bedroom bungalow on Tan Son Nhut air base with a new baby and Ky's five children from a previous marriage to a Frenchwoman.

Though a political novice, Ky was savvy enough to share power with his military superior, Maj. Gen. Nguyen Van Thieu, chairman of the National Leadership Committee. Critics worried about his impulsiveness. On one occasion after a party, he and some carousing American buddies had serenaded President Diem at his palace, provoking a reprimand; on another, he had professed admiration for Hitler, among other "strong leaders." And in a country where corruption was widespread in the government and armed forces, it was widely assumed, though never verified, that Ky, too, was on the take.

I was told by a Vietnamese that when Ky would fly to Bangkok, he would come back with a couple of bolts of silk under his seat. Petty smuggling was the extent of his corruption. Another Vietnamese told me that Ky's problem as a leader was that he wasn't really interested in wealth. He wasn't tempted by riches.

DOUGLAS PIKE, May 1990

Former Foreign Service Officer (Vietnam)

Reporters who gathered for drinks on the terrace of the Continental Palace Hotel at sunset debated whether Ky would survive 100 days. U.S. Embassy officials predicted he would not. If he had doubts about his abilities, Ky did a good job of keeping them to himself. "We've got to go fast, very fast," he told *Life* magazine days after he was sworn in.

Indeed, by the end of his first 10 days in office, he had declared a state of war, severed diplomatic relations with France (informed of the move, French President Charles de Gaulle haughtily inquired, "*Qui est Ky?*"), announced impending price controls on rice and other overpriced staples and threatened profiteers with execution. Indolent Saigon bureaucrats were shocked when he cut their salaries in half. Soldiers were delighted when he announced that the money thus saved would go to their salaries. "In his supersonic first week," *Time* magazine effused, "Fighter Pilot Ky (rhymes with whee!) got more done than any Vietnamese leader has accomplished in the 20 months since Ngo Dinh Diem was assassinated."

I thought it was typical of the whole war that [Americans] saw him as a sort of flamboyant Vietnamese George Patton who could somehow rally his country. Well, the Vietnamese are not likely—nor are any Oriental people likely—to rally to such a Westernized figure.

R. W. APPLE, May 1990

Former New York Times Vietnam Correspondent

Having attended the Air Command and Staff College at Maxwell Field in Alabama, Ky prided himself on his under-

standing of the U.S. He was the first Vietnamese pilot selected by the C.I.A. to fly secret espionage flights over North Vietnam. For three years he had worked with a group of American pilots known as the "Dirty Thirty," dropping South Vietnamese army guerrillas and saboteurs into North Vietnam by parachute. "You can talk Americans into almost anything," he confided to *Life*. "All you have to do is sit with them for half an hour over a bottle of whisky and be a nice guy."

In his first 100 days, Ky announced a program of land reform and began the construction of schools and hospitals in rural areas. For all his protestations of political naïveté, Ky deftly walked a tightrope between reliance on, and independence from, the Americans. "The result is not the kind of democratic government most Americans would prefer to see," *Newsweek* commented, "but it could just conceivably be the rudimentary beginnings of effective government in South Vietnam."

Ky really wanted to rule, but he knew that if he appeared to want to rule, he would be seen as someone personally accruing power. He understood the reason his predecessors didn't last was a public reaction against a leader who had political power. He finessed it by giving the image that he didn't care whether he was running the country or not. His great weakness was that he was not an administrator. To be a good president, you've got to be able to handle boredom. Aides come to you with little problems and everything moves so slowly. Ky was bored with all that.

DOUGLAS PIKE

As the autumn of 1965 turned into the winter of 1966, relations between Ky and the Americans began to cool. U.S. officials, embarrassed when Ky authorized the execution of several public employees and merchants found guilty of corruption, began to refer to him as "the Butcher." The U.S. Commander in Vietnam, Gen. William Westmoreland, found naïve Ky's proposal to shake up the South Vietnamese army by retiring all officers above the grade of colonel. And U.S. officials in and out of uniform despaired over Ky's repeated calls to carry the war to the North. Lieut. Col. John Paul Vann, a top U.S. adviser and the subject of journalist Neil Sheehan's Pulitzer Prize-winning study of the war, *A Bright Shining Lie* (1989), wrote to a friend in late 1965: "The little bastard, General Ky, made a speech today demanding that we invade the North and liberate North Vietnam. The goddamn little fool can't even drive a mile outside of Saigon without an armed convoy and he wants to liberate the North? How damned ridiculous can you get?"

One time he flew with his lovely wife in his own fighter plane up to a hamlet devastated by the Vietcong. He was escorted with great fanfare out to see the wrecked village, with these terribly poor peasants. Their huts are still smoldering and there are bodies at the edge of the town. Ky arrives in all his glory, his black jump suit with purple scarf and black beret, and Mai dressed equally inappropriately. The peasants were absolutely stunned. They had never seen anything like it. The two of them were total apparitions to them. Ky stopped next to an old woman with

Ky at a 1966 Christmas show with Mai: "You can talk Americans into almost anything."



a badly burned baby in her arms and she tried to thrust the baby into Mai's arms, and both Kys almost literally jumped backwards. There was absolutely no relationship between Ky and the peasantry. I remember one Marine saying: There's Captain Midnight out to see the war."

FRANK MCCULLOGH, May 1990

Former Time-Life Saigon Bureau Chief

Ky and President Lyndon Johnson hit it off when they met in Honolulu in February 1966. Johnson praised Ky's promise to complete a new constitution by year's end and urged him to hold national elections. Emboldened by Johnson's support, Ky moved to consolidate his authority. In March, he dismissed the central region's military commander, Gen. Nguyen Chanh Thi, an action that provoked Tri Quang, a militant Buddhist monk who had mobilized opposition to Diem three years before. Quang sent his supporters into the streets of Hue demanding Ky's resignation. Within days the protests spread to other cities, including Danang, where dockworkers and civil servants went on strike. Danang's radio station was taken over by General Thi, who convinced a majority of his troops to support the resistance.

Supported by the U.S., Ky led an airlift of 1,500 loyal troops into Danang in April, then backed off—at a substantial loss of

"I WANT MY VTV"

In February 1966, Nguyen Cao Ky flew to Honolulu for a summit meeting with President Lyndon Johnson. Ky's opening remarks, scripted by the U.S. Embassy to resemble one of Johnson's own Great Society speeches, delighted the President. "Boy, you speak just like an American," he bellowed at the end of the morning session.

"That evening Johnson hosted a small cocktail reception for me in his hotel suite," Ky remembers. "During the party, he pulled me into his bedroom. 'Forget about everything we said today. Just tell me what you think.' I was a soldier and answered him truthfully. We got along very well together.

"After the party, we were walking down the hotel corridor to dinner when Johnson asked, 'What do you really want from me?' I hadn't expected that question, and the only thing that immediately came to my mind was TV. Vietnam had no TV.

"I want TV for Vietnam," I told him. "I want to be able to communicate with my people and watch western movies at night."

"The President looked over his shoulder to Jack Valenti and said, 'You hear that? Marshal Ky wants TV.' Valenti said no problem, give us two or three years.

"Johnson turned back to me. 'Two or three years okay with you?' I had no idea how long it would take, so I told them no, I wanted TV right now.

"The President sent Valenti off to work on the problem while we ate dinner. Just as the dessert was arriving, he came back and whispered something to Johnson, who turned to me. 'Son, Vietnam will have television by next week. I got Hubert loading those TVs on a plane right now.'"

Vice president Humphrey and Ky flew back to Vietnam together with the first batch of what eventually amounted to 1,000 televisions. By the time the Air Vietnam plane arrived in Saigon, U.S. Army engineers were assembling a portable studio. By the following week it was broadcasting several hours each night, bouncing its signal off a Constellation aircraft that slowly circled above Saigon, acting as an antenna.

—D.B.

face—when he saw that Thi was not about to be intimidated. Ky's subsequent offer to resign mollified the Buddhists, but not Thi. On May 14, with the approval of neither Thieu nor the U.S. Government, Ky airlifted 2,000 Vietnamese troops into Danang for a surprise attack that crushed the dissidents. Resistance in Hue crumbled a month later, following the arrest of Tri Quang and the exile of Thi to the U.S. The surprise move stunned and angered American officials, who would never completely trust Ky again. But it enhanced his reputation with the Vietnamese, who resented the loss of sovereignty to the U.S.

I felt that Ky would have gotten a lot more out of the U.S. if he had played the role of "the good Oriental" for us, smiled and bowed and scraped. If he had modified his personality, his extroverted personality, then he would have been more acceptable. Then he would have been "a fellow," just like us guys, instead of being an individual.

WILLIAM R. CORSON, May 1990

Former U.S. Marine Intelligence Officer

Ky and LBJ met again in March 1967, on Guam. There the President told Ky that what he wanted for his August birthday was "a national election." Ky obliged, setting the date for September. He established an impartial election commission that allotted each presidential candidate, including himself, \$50,000 in expense money, an equal number of campaign posters and access to government transportation.

But while Ky campaigned by dedicating new water wells and elementary schools, his main opponent, Nguyen Van Thieu, was appealing to a higher authority: Vietnam's military, in which he outranked Ky three stars to two. Under pressure from the military, Ky agreed to run as Thieu's vice president. On Sept. 3, 1967, following a campaign relatively free of abuse—though candidates had been screened to disqualify Communists or "neutralists"—the 22 observers sent by LBJ to monitor the elections reported relatively few violations. "If the election was rigged," said one of the observers, New Jersey Gov. Richard Hughes, "it would have taken 15,000 character actors and 15,000 stagehands to put on that show." The Thieu-Ky ticket captured 35 percent of the vote to defeat nine opponents.

I think he was badly outmaneuvered by Thieu because his flamboyance and his outspokenness were a problem with some of his own people.

BILL DUIKER

Having been involved in several coups d'état, Thieu as president was wary of them and trusted no one but his astrologer. He fed on intrigue and delegated little real authority. Ambivalent toward Americans, he courted and disdained them by turns. He virtually ignored Ky and abandoned the building of rural schools and hospitals begun by Ky. He did, however, continue Ky's land reforms (by the end of the war, most of Vietnam's rich delta was in the hands of peasant farmers).

As American troop strength grew, and with it American responsibility for the prosecution of the war, the enigmatic Thieu kept a low profile, consolidating his power and, it was widely believed, turning a blind eye to corruption. "His regime was very corrupt," says Doan Van Toai, who was imprisoned by Thieu for antiwar activities. "Provincial officials had to pay for their positions, and they in turn did business with the enemy to get money and protect their power." Thieu acquiesced to the



gradual-disengagement-through-Vietnamization policy of the new American President, Richard Nixon, who responded with flowery endorsements of his own. But Thieu's costly and unproductive ARVN incursions into Laos in February 1971 highlighted the flaws of Vietnamization and embarrassed both the Vietnamese and the U.S. Early in his administration Thieu offered some concessions, as well as a cease-fire, to the Communists, but he reversed himself as a re-election campaign approached in the fall of 1971.

Thieu was regarded by the Vietnamese people as one of the shrewdest politicians in the country. He's a survivor. He was very clever in politics, although corrupted.

NGUYEN XUAN PHAC, May 1990

Editor of the Vietnamese-language newspaper Nguoi Viet

As vice president, Ky had the power to stage a coup d'état. But he really felt he was doing the best for Vietnam by serving under Thieu. Under Thieu, he was given many jobs. One of them was head of the Pacification Council. After six months, there were reports saying Ky wasn't going to the meetings. He thought they were too boring.

DOUGLAS PIKE

For a time in 1971 Ky talked of challenging Thieu for the presidency. He had moderated his position regarding discussions with the North, and his popularity was in ascendancy. Finally, however, believing that Thieu had rigged the election

beyond repair, Ky withdrew as a candidate, removing the last doubt about Thieu's re-election.

Though Ky continued to receive his Air Marshal's salary, he left Saigon for what he later called "the biggest, most modern farm in Vietnam," 2,000 acres. Ky stayed up nights reading American farm magazines and learning to grow corn and soybeans. He was there when the North Vietnamese launched their final drive to victory in March 1975. "I immediately flew back to Saigon and offered my services to [army chief of staff] Gen. Cao Van Vien," Ky recalls. "With two battalions of paratroopers and some close air support I knew we could return to Ban Me Thuot and halt the Communists. Vien liked the idea but said the order would have to come from President Thieu. Thieu never responded to the request."

Faced with having to accept responsibility for the debacle, Thieu resigned as president on April 21 and fled to Taiwan, castigating the U.S. for abandoning Vietnam. He called the U.S. position "an inhumane act by an inhumane ally."

Ky tried to rally his countrymen with rhetoric. "Let the cowards who are leaving with the Americans go, and let those who love South Vietnam stay and fight," he said. But as the country fell into disarray, his plan to pick up the reins of leadership fizzled, and on April 29, a day after his wife and family left the country, Ky and 15 fellow air force officers helicoptered to the U.S.S. Midway.

By 1975, the country was so neurotic—so much blood and tears had been spilled—that it was absolutely inevita-

ble what happened. You could have put anybody into that country to try and rally it and it would not be rallied. I'm sure that three or four of them got together and tried to make one last stand. But it was never going to happen.

WARD JUST, May 1990

Former Washington Post Saigon Correspondent

If Ky came away from Vietnam with huge amounts of cash, as some allege, he has never exhibited any evidence of it. (He maintains he came out with less than \$40,000.) Settling first in suburban Washington, Ky took a \$70,000 advance to write his memoirs, *20 Years, 20 Days* (1976), and began giving speeches for fees of \$2,500 and \$3,000. But Ky's fees plummeted along with America's obsession with Vietnam, and in 1975 he moved his family to Huntington Beach, Calif., a community with a large expatriot Vietnamese population, and made a down-payment on a \$109,000 house. After considering a car wash, Ky borrowed \$200,000 from a bank to buy a liquor store. When *New Times* magazine caught up with him in 1977, wife Mai was learning the liquor business and Ky was suffering a case of second thoughts. "How can I end up in Orange County," he asked no one in particular, "selling liquor to Americans? If you must know," he went on, "I view my life as a tragedy."

Today, looking back on those first years in this country, Ky recalls that "everybody was very nice. Hispanics in the neighborhood called me 'El Presidente.' A lot of veterans stopped by for beer. One day an entire SWAT team arrived wearing the helmets they'd worn in Vietnam. On several occasions buses full of German tourists pulled up in front of the store. I went outside and everybody took pictures. They told me I was one of the stops on their Disneyland tour."

Ky bought a second liquor store and a boutique, installing Mai to manage it. For a while they seemed to be making a go of things. But by early 1983, it was clear that the businesses were failing. In March of that year, on a visit to the Far East, Mai was found comatose from an overdose of Valium in a Manila hotel room. She recovered, but friends began to worry that the marriage, as well as the businesses, might be in trouble. In November 1983, Ky filed for protection from creditors in Federal

bankruptcy court. His \$615,000 in debts included a \$20,000 gambling debt to Caesars Palace; his \$700,000 in assets included a liquor store valued at \$400,000, and his house, which was assessed at \$250,000. Eventually, he was able to settle most of his debts with proceeds from the sale of his interests.

But Ky's troubles were not over. Two months after filing for bankruptcy, he was linked by columnist Jack Anderson to groups of South Vietnamese extortionists—former military officers—who preyed on California businesses. (The columnist also alleged that Ky escaped Vietnam with \$8 million in gold, diamonds and currency.)

Acknowledging that he knew several of the former officers involved, Ky insisted he condemned their activities and called the allegations about his own involvement "ridiculous." Orange County, Calif., police said they had no evidence to support the charge, and a report issued by President Reagan's Commission on Organized Crime likewise found no evidence of Ky's involvement. But the charges hurt; Ky retreated from public view, and his relationship with Mai continued to deteriorate.

In 1985 he was invited by a group of Vietnam Veterans to address them in New Orleans. While there, he also met with Vietnamese fishermen seeking help in easing friction with their American counterparts. Ky not only helped but got hooked himself. He borrowed money, bought a secondhand trawler named *Morning Star* and embarked on yet another new career, as a shrimper. "Everybody else was making money catching shrimp, so I figured why not me?" he explains today.

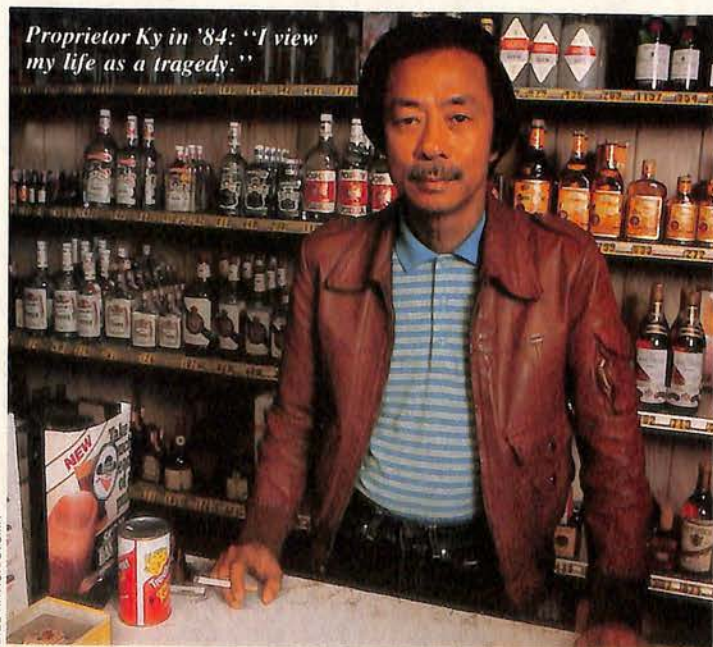
For the next three years Ky commuted between Huntington Beach and New Orleans, organizing fellow Vietnamese shrimpers into a co-op and heading a group in a seafood factory takeover. But he also learned that the tales of enormous schools of shrimp were little more than fish stories. "I once spent 21 days out on the Gulf," he says today, "and after paying all the expenses my profit came to \$5."

Divorced and with his children grown, the former premier, former entrepreneur, former shrimp fisherman and 59-year-old grandfather of eight wrapped up his affairs in California earlier this year and moved to Bangkok, the information, transportation and diplomatic hub of Southeast Asia. From his new apartment there, Ky can see the red banner of Hanoi flying above the Vietnamese Embassy two blocks away. He likes to believe that he can also see the future and a key role in it rebuilding a democratic Vietnam. Officially, he works as a consultant to trading companies in Singapore and Indonesia; in fact, much of his time is spent with Vietnamese entering or leaving Saigon. He meets with disgruntled Hanoi officials, with potential investors in Vietnam, with South Vietnamese refugees and with anyone who has dealings with his former homeland. Encouraged by the changes sweeping Eastern Europe, Ky believes Hanoi, too, must inevitably accept the necessity of reform.

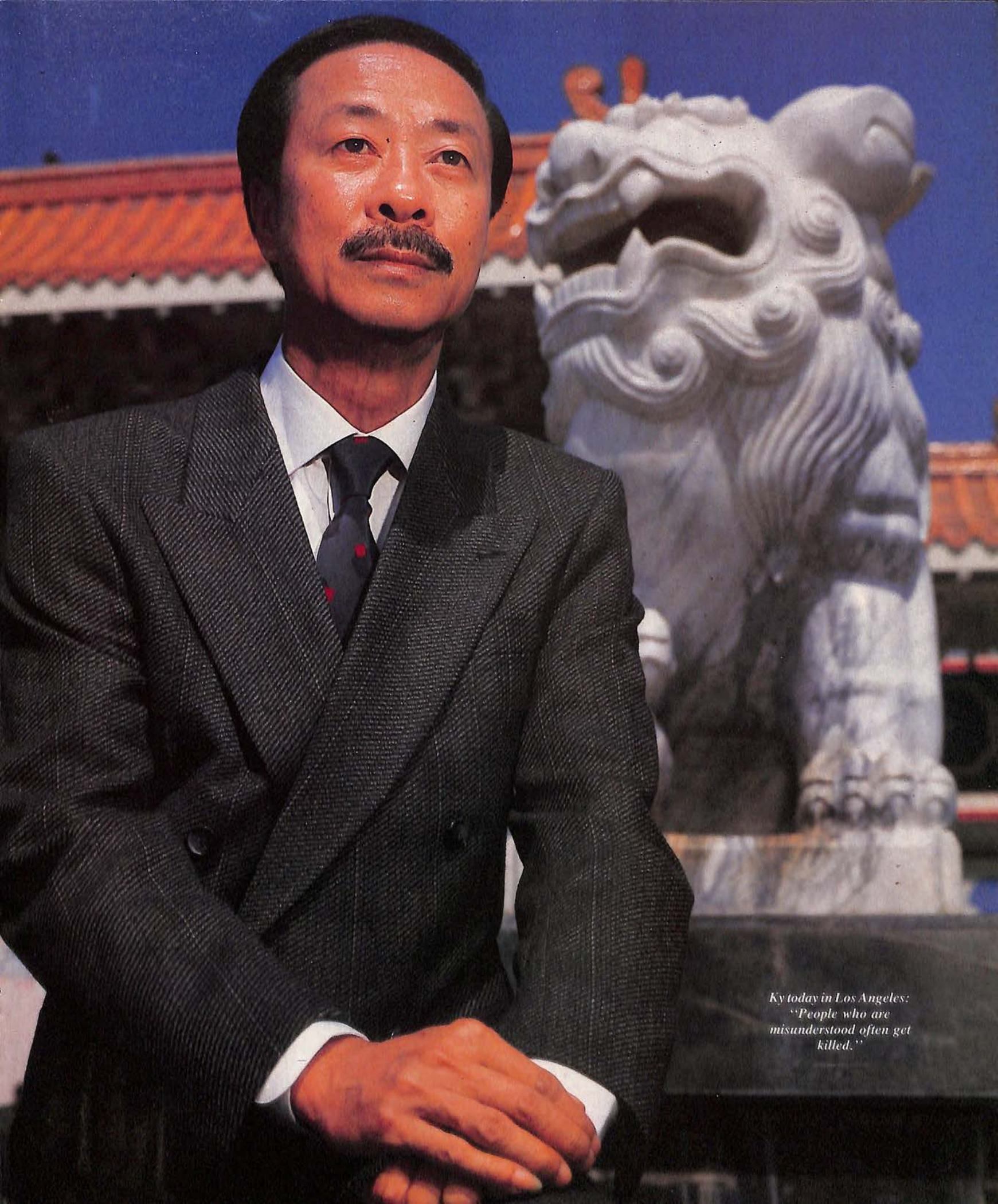
Ky turned up recently in San Diego, seated in a position of honor in the fellowship hall of a Protestant church. The crimson-and-yellow banner of the fallen Republic of Vietnam hung without a wrinkle, its gold fringe resplendent, seemingly impervious to time.

Not so the faces—or the voices—of the Vietnamese men facing Ky, singing what once had been their national anthem. Both their aging flesh and the halting, reedy timbre of their singing gave evidence of advancing middle age.

Once, they had been the best and brightest of their generation, patriots charged with defending the Southeast Asian perimeter



BILL NATION/SYGMA



*Ky today in Los Angeles:
"People who are
misunderstood often get
killed."*

against Communism. Now, beyond the Vietnamese refugee community in San Diego they were little known. But on this sunny afternoon, they were men of influence who had come to pass judgment on their former colleague and commander, Nguyen Cao Ky.

For Ky, San Diego was the first stop on a nationwide campaign for the unelected position of unofficial spokesperson for expatriate Vietnamese. Until such a figure emerges, one with a claim to consensus, no dialogue with Hanoi is likely. Ironically, Ky's chief rival for the role is none other than former President Nguyen Van Thieu.

"I didn't really expect this many people to be here," Ky said, as he nervously eyed a half-dozen Vietnamese journalists. "It's always been very easy for me to talk before soldiers, but with the press, I must be careful not to be misunderstood. People who are misunderstood often get killed."

Nervous laughter rippled through the room. Many Vietnamese refugees react vehemently—even violently—to any sugges-

KY REMARKS

HISTORIC INDISCRETION In February 1965 I prepared to lead the first air raid against North Vietnam. On the day before we were to attack, I flew up to Hue to speak to a large gathering of high-school students. The girls were very beautiful. When I got up to speak I forgot all about military secrets and told them about the attack. Many of the young girls had tears in their eyes when I said some of their brave flyers might not return. The next morning my squadron of Skyraiders flew low over Hue in salute to the city.

I guess the Communists knew we were coming, because all 24 of our planes were hit by enemy antiaircraft fire. Militarily, my speech was foolish, but the South needed a morale boost. After years of Communists terrorizing the South, we finally were carrying the war home to them. It was more than an air raid; it was an historic moment.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? In March 1969 [Secretary of Defense Melvin] Laird visited Saigon and told me that Nixon wanted to "de-Americanize" the war. "De-Americanize? That's really a terrible expression," I told him. Laird agreed but said the new policy had to be called something. "De-Americanization implies you've been fighting an American war," I replied. "Why not call the new policy Vietnamization?" Laird thought for a moment, then said, "Why not?"

THE FINAL DAYS After the start of North Vietnam's final offensive, U.S. Ambassador Graham Martin came to see me in my home at Tan Son Nhut. I told him the Republic would fall unless all our remaining forces attacked at once. If it becomes necessary, I said, we should turn Saigon into a Stalingrad. Martin told me to give him two days to get rid of Thieu.

Over the next 48 hours the Communists made it known through the French that they would accept a cease-fire if Duong Van (Big) Minh became president. On April 27 Martin sent [Gen. Charles] Timmes to tell me the U.S. was backing Minh and would not support a counterattack.

"I understand what you're trying to do," I told Timmes, "but until we can stop the Communists' military advance, they have no need to negotiate diplomatically. If Duong Van Minh becomes president, the Communists will be in Saigon within three days." Minh was named president the following day. On April 30, Saigon fell to the Communists.

tion of rapprochement with Hanoi. Over the last decade, dozens of overseas Vietnamese who espoused such ideas have lost their lives, including two newspaper editors who advocated normalized relations with Hanoi. Last year Ky was himself accused of being a Communist for telling a Washington audience that the time for armed struggle had passed.

"During the war, I always considered my enemy to be Communism, not Northern Vietnamese," Ky began. "Now, recent events have shown Communist theory to be unworkable. The entire world knows that the cause for which we fought was right. Now we must work for a united, democratic Vietnam. The time for guns has passed."

Not so fast, interrupted a former ARVN major. How can expatriate Vietnamese think about the future when the men who defeated them remain in power in Hanoi?

"Because," Ky answered in a soft voice, "once the basic theory is proved wrong, the people running the regime are unimportant. People in Hanoi aren't stupid. They know their system already has collapsed and that change is inevitable."

Thieu maintains that no contact should occur until Hanoi withdraws from the South, as the 1973 Paris accords require. Ky takes a more pragmatic position. "I'll never go back until the Vietnamese are free of Communism and can vote in a democratic election," he told the San Diego group. "That day is coming. Communism is like a tropical storm that is strong at first but gradually blows itself out."

Ky sat down to applause. The group seemed particularly impressed by his candor. "I've known General Ky for more than 40 years," said Nguyen Nghi, a former official under Diem who teaches French literature at the University of California (San Diego). "Ky is a man who can open the door [to Vietnam], and we need someone who can open the door. We can't start to improve the country until we get inside the door."

Ky is artfully positioned. He could say to the Vietnamese Communists: You guys can't bring it off and I can. He's got the chutzpah and the charisma to do it. He could go to Hanoi and say, look, you ain't made diddly effort to get a half-dozen live M.I.A.'s [Americans missing in action], but if you really turn this country upside down you can find some and turn them over to the U.S. The Americans are suckers for a sideshow. You wanna get on the Today show and get a personal note from President Bush? If there's to be a bridge [back to Hanoi] it'll be Ky, not Thieu. Thieu is sly by too much. Thieu would not bring any support. Ky would. Ky could vitalize the South.

WILLIAM CORSON

Ky and Thieu are gone. They are history now. They've lost their chance to be in the limelight again. They cannot use their names to rally people any more, especially people who were in re-education camps. They still have a grudge against them.

NGUYEN XUAN PHAC

If Thieu dismisses Ky's vision as too conciliatory and others call it unrealistic, after 15 years of exile the former Air Marshal appears undaunted, even rejuvenated. "I never asked for a U.S. passport because I am Vietnamese, and I always knew that one day I'd return home," he says. "You know, Asian men are romantic by nature. And when that man is a flyer, well, anything is possible."

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

1970

20 YEARS AGO

PROMISES, PROMISES

Sept. 11 The Ford Motor Co. today introduced a new "subcompact" car called the Pinto. Designed to compete with the Volkswagen Beetle and competitively priced at less than \$1,900, the Pinto offers "excellent fuel economy" and "good performance combined with minimum lifetime service and repair costs," according to company president Henry Ford 2d.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Update After numerous incidents in which Pintos burst into flames in minor collisions, *Mother Jones* magazine revealed in 1977 that Ford was knowingly manufacturing Pintos with faulty fuel tanks. Ford had decided it was cheaper to pay damages—an estimated \$200,000 per victim—than to repair the problem at a cost estimated at less than \$7.00 per vehicle. A Congressional inquiry soon followed, prompting Ford to recall 1.5 million Pintos and oust its president, Lee Iacocca. Ford stopped manufacturing Pintos in 1980. However, the U.S. Postal Service still uses late-model Pintos to deliver the mail. "The Pinto is one of the most, if not the most, efficient vehicles in our fleet," said a Post Office official last year.

EPG INTERNATIONAL



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

SMUT TALK

Sept. 2 The Federal Commission on Obscenity and Pornography today recommended the elimination of all legal restrictions on adults who wish to obtain sexually explicit books, pictures and films. After two years of research, the commission concluded that pornography does not lead to crime, sexual deviance or emotional disturbances. Five of the 18 members of the commission disagreed with the recommendation, contending the report was based on "scanty and manipulated evidence." Charles H. Keating Jr., a Cincinnati lawyer and the only

member of the commission appointed by President Nixon (the others were appointed by President Johnson, in 1968), called the report "a declaration of moral bankruptcy." He charged that some members of the commission were biased because of ties to the pornography industry. Some Congressmen complained the investigators had failed to define pornography and obscenity or determine how it affects children. Responding to the findings, Vice President Spiro Agnew said, "As long as Richard Nixon is President, Main Street is not going to turn into Smut Alley."

A STAR IS DEAD

Sept. 18 Jimi Hendrix, the inventive rock guitarist, died today in London of unknown causes. (A coroner's report later concluded that the 27-year-old Hendrix had suffocated from vomiting while unconscious after taking sleeping pills.) Hendrix, whose moaning electric guitar and often sexual lyrics gave both texture and eroticism to his music, used electronic equipment to distort and amplify notes like no guitar player before him. Sometimes called "space music," his original style of rock combined passion, poetry, psychedelia and pyrotechnics (he often started fires on stage). Though he wrote much of his music—including "Foxy Lady,"



PHOTOEST

"Purple Haze" and "Let Me Stand Next to Your Fire"—he also performed songs by Bob Dylan and others. In one of his most memorable performances—at the 1969 Woodstock Festival—he played an explosive and emotional version of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Stormy Weather

Aug. 3 Hurricane Celia strikes Texas Gulf Coast with 145-mile-per-hour winds . . . **Aug. 10** In overwhelming majority, House of Representatives passes constitutional amendment barring sexual discrimination . . . **Aug. 11** F.B.I. agents seize fugitive priest Daniel J.



Berrigan on Block Island, R.I. . . . **Aug. 16** Black militant Angela Davis is wanted for murder in connection with courthouse gun battle that killed four men . . . **Sept. 11** Vice President Spiro T. Agnew continues his attack on "radical-liberals" . . . **Sept. 12** P.L.O. commandos blow up three hijacked airliners in Amman, Jordan, and hold 40 passengers hostage . . . **Sept. 13** Winner of first New York City Marathon, 30-year-old fireman named Gary Muhrcke, beats 125 other runners to finish line in just over 2½ hours . . . **Sept. 30** Egypt mourns death of President Gamal Abdel Nasser.

The Arts

Books *Papillon*, by Henri Charrière, is published in English; best sellers include *Love Story* and *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*. **TV** *The Partridge Family* and *The Flip Wilson Show* make prime-time debuts. **Music** The Carpenters' "Close to You" and Diana Ross's "Ain't No Mountain High Enough" top pop charts; Grace Slick, mother-to-be, plans to name her child God. **Movies** Jean-Luc Goddard's *Wild Child* and *Five Easy Pieces* with Jack Nicholson open.

—Delphine Taylor

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20 YEARS AGO: MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW BREAKS THE MOLD OF SITCOM TELEVISION

With its liberated heroine, the program was realistic, topical, subtle—and very funny.

By Frank Lovece



It was a different kind of Saturday night fever. Back before VCR's let us time-shift, long before the term "couch potato" first sprouted, viewers vegged out on the best night on television: *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, followed by *The Bob Newhart Show* and *The Carol Burnett Show*. Truth be told, we stayed home mostly for Mary.

The Mary Tyler Moore Show premiered on Sept. 19, 1970. Its liberated, working-girl-next-door realism provided a welcome alternative to the broad, escapist fantasies that filled the airwaves. Months before the premiere of *All in the Family*, two years before *M*A*S*H* came to the small screen, this sharp but gentle comedy about a fledgling news producer and her surrogate family at a third-rate Minneapolis TV station re-cast the 60's sitcom formula of *Martians*, *Munsters*, bumbling cast-aways and flying nuns. And widowers, countless widowers.

The Mary Tyler Moore Show offered a fresh sensibility: It

The Moore



the Merrier

was topical and literate, internally consistent from episode to episode and politically aware. In a remarkable leap for television, its thirtysomething, unmarried heroine was no wisecracking spinster like *The Dick Van Dyke Show*'s Sally Rogers. Neither was she a widow nor a girlish virgin like the "career gals" of *The Doris Day Show* or *That Girl*. Astonishingly, Mary Richards had lived with a man—this at a time when such a thing was still considered scandalous.

Unlike generations of sitcom women past, Mary—quavering but determined—could confront her boss over being paid less than a man doing the same job. She could fire an incompetent female co-worker without feeling feminist guilt. She could even spend the night with someone she wasn't in love with. On *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, the laughs didn't depend on somebody burning the roast.

A generation of women grew up thinking of Mary as a role model as she struggled for sexual and economic equality in a man's world. "I think it made the idea of working women acceptable," observes

Cheri Eichen, co-executive producer of *Cheers*. "My mom was a career woman, and I didn't like the idea that everybody else's mom was home when they got

home from school and my mom wasn't. But when you see Mary and *she's* working, you get a sense that it's okay for a woman to have a grown-up life."

Moore's own grown-up life had begun, for most of us, when she captured America's hearts—as well as two Emmys—during the five years she portrayed the lovable Laura Petrie on the popular *Dick Van Dyke Show*. But the show ended its run in 1966—creator Carl Reiner and the other principals wanted to go out on a peak—and nothing she had worked on since had succeeded. A musical based on Truman Capote's *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, in which she had the starring role, went through torturous rewrites before closing in previews. And the handful of movies she made—*Thoroughly Modern Millie*, *Don't Just Stand There*, *What's So Bad About Feeling Good?* and *Change of Habit*—were greeted with indifference.

But a 1969 CBS special, *Dick Van Dyke and the Other Woman*, Mary Tyler Moore, showcased her talents and got the network's complete attention. Grant Tinker, then her husband and vice president of television for 20th Century-Fox, asked for an immediate commitment to a series, as well as creative autonomy. Remarkably, without having to shoot a pilot, without even so much as a sample script, CBS agreed to Tinker's conditions and signed a 13-episode deal.

All he needed was a show.

Tinker turned to Allan Burns, then a writer/producer for the hit TV show *Room 222*, and to 222's creator, Jim Brooks, a

former CBS copyboy and sometime news writer who had broken into sitcom TV with scripts for *My Mother the Car*, *That Girl* and *The Andy Griffith Show*. With their eyes on various film projects, the two were reluctant to get involved in another TV series, but Tinker convinced them to team up as writer-producers on a vehicle for his wife. "That makes me sound like a genius," says Tinker today, "but I was just looking to hedge my bet. Each brought something to it. It's hard to say who brought what. But whatever it was, it was a hell of a combination."

The producers' first idea



Mary Richards was a role model for some, but creators Allan Burns (right) and Jim Brooks say that wasn't their intent.





The Dating Game

was to have Moore's character do the leg-work for a bitchy, powerful Hollywood columnist. So far, so typical. But they also wanted to make her a divorcee—a first for a TV sitcom. "Every writer in town had a divorce story on the drawing board," Burns once said. "We had the lady it would work with."

But CBS wasn't buying it. "They had heart attacks," says Burns. "They said, 'You can't do that. Everybody hates divorce. They'll think she's divorced Dick Van Dyke and they'll hate her even more!'" Then the writers came up with an equally daring alternative: a live-in relationship gone sour. "We had to handle that very delicately," Moore remembers, "because you didn't want to imply any loose morals. So we just vaguely hinted at some prior relationship." By January 1970, Brooks and Burns had a solid, 21-page treatment for a show in a newsroom setting, a milieu that Brooks knew well.

Lou Grant, WJM's crusty, curmudgeonly news producer, was modeled on John Merriman, the late news editor of *The CBS Evening News*. "There was nobody he'd back down from, whether it was Cronkite or anybody else," remembers Brooks. On Tinker's suggestion, Ed Asner was asked to read for the role. He was deemed perfect.

News writer Murray Slaughter was loosely based on another old CBS News figure, Dick Robinson, who was, Brooks recalls, "much more eccentric than Murray. He was a famous, colorful guy, sort of outrageous. But Murray finally became just 'the oppressed writer.'" The part went to Gavin MacLeod, who had first read for the part of Lou.

The producers were having a tough time finding the right actress for the crucial role of Rhoda, Mary's wisecracking foil, whom Brooks had based on an old friend from the Bronx who worked in a brassiere factory. But they hadn't yet hit on the right actress, one who was harder-edged than Mary without being too abrasive. Finally, about a week before shooting was to commence, Brooks spotted Valerie Harper in a revue at Los Angeles's Melrose Theater.

For her audition, "she came in loaded with props, like Rhoda was cleaning windows or something," Brooks recalls. "A scarf around her hair, a pail, a sponge. We were sort of kids at this," he says, "and so the idea of somebody actually bringing

Eligible men in Mary's life were played by (from top) Laurence Luckinbill, Richard Schaal, Ed Asner, Peter Haskell and John Saxon.



something, it was just, now isn't that the extra mile!" Harper got the role.

The part of Phyllis Lindstrom, Mary's flighty, mock-intellectual landlady, went to Cloris Leachman, a highly regarded Method actress and former beauty queen.

"You had an extraordinary triangle," Harper observes today. "Mary's the person you want to be, Rhoda's the person you probably are, and Phyllis is who you're afraid of being. Phyllis would come in the room, say something, and I would just turn to her and [the audience] would be laughing. They would laugh when I looked at her. And then I'd give the line and we'd get a double laugh."

Ted Baxter, the vacuous, silver-maned anchorperson, was conceived as a young man. But Ted Knight's audition changed that. "Ted was hysterical," says Brooks of the late actor, who died in August 1986. "Ted was magic. Ted came in and we were so touched; we were sure he had bought a blazer specifically for the audition, because he wasn't doing so great before this. And he was magic. I think of him as the happiest spirit I ever met."

Asner, noting Knight's seemingly endless ability to conjure up different comic approaches to situations, agrees: "I always felt there's no way I could be funny if I were compared to him," he says. "I would look at him and say, *that is funny*."

Finally all the key players were in place, and away they went. To disaster.

"Our first run-through was terrible," Brooks recalls. Adds Jay Sandrich, who directed most of the 168 episodes, "I've always said it's amazing that Grant and Mary came into work the next morning."

"After that run-through," Tinker remembers, "Mary and I did have a really difficult scene at home, where she just went to pieces: 'This is terrible! Fix it!' And that's about what I did. I called Jim and Allan and said, 'Fix it!'"

"I'm kind of nervous and pessimistic about everything I'm involved in," says Moore, "but this show really was in trouble, and it probably was my fault, what with what the audience expected of me and from me."

The producers went to work, sharpening the timing, honing other details. One of the most important fixes involved making Rhoda more likable.

The tinkering worked. CBS's new programming vice president, Fred Silverman, loved the first episode and persuaded the network's president, Robert Wood, to give the series a better time slot.

Buoyed by a *TV Guide* cover story

FRANK LOVECE is a columnist for *United Feature Syndicate* and the author of three books about television.

about Moore and her comeback ("Mary is back in the 'intimate' medium, cozying up to the live audience in the kind of TV she loves," it said), *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* bowed to big ratings. Then it slumped to the middle range but perked up in the summer after Asner, Harper, director Sandrich and writers Brooks and Burns all took home Emmy Awards. The show earned nominations for Outstanding Comedy Series and Outstanding New Series; there were also nominations for Moore and director Alan Rafkin.

Though it finished the season in 22d place, the show found its audience and began picking up momentum. It finished 10th in its second year and remained in the top 20 until the 1976-77 season, its last. In all, the series won 28 Emmys (out of 66 nominations), including three as Outstanding Series. Moore won four acting awards, Harper and Asner three each, and two each went to Leachman, Knight, and Betty White, who joined the cast in 1974.

As *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* progressed through its seven-year run, characters matured, moved away, saw their families change. Like millions of women across the country, Mary Richards became more confident in her career. Lou Grant went through a divorce. Rhoda and Phyllis spun-off into series of their own. Dim, sweet Georgette Franklin (Georgia Engel) came aboard as Ted's girlfriend and became his wife. And the man-hungry but sunshiney Sue Ann Nivens (Betty

White), host of WJM's *Happy Homemaker* show, added a delicious sass.

Through it all, the show stayed fresh by taking chances. In violation of the taboo against changing the set of a successful sitcom, Mary moved to a new apartment at the start of the sixth season. An episode about a clown killed by a rogue elephant ("Chuckles Bites the Dust") was cited by Michael Winship, author of *Television*, as the first in which "a sitcom did a really funny episode about death."

There were other new-to-sitcom topics, such as Mary's existential boredom with her life. It is Ted who boosts her spirits, first describing her day in a boring monotone ("You get up in the morning, you go to work . . ."), then, in the same words, making it sound exciting: You get up in the morning! You go to work!"

Each episode, it seemed, was about something, and the topic was generally treated with more subtlety than the broadly satirical strokes of other "relevant" shows. Mary Richards began taking barbiturates for insomnia; Ted and Georgette found out they were infertile; Phyllis's husband cheated on her. But there were no gloomy "problem" episodes; rather, with humor as the show's thread, the events were simply woven into the tapestry of the characters' lives.

Moore, of course, set the tone of the entire affair. "She never became a quote unquote star," says Sandrich. "She was always one of the ensemble actors. She

never had the attitude, 'This is my company and my show.' If she disagreed with a scene or the script, she stated her opinion, but if we said, 'No, we really like this, do it,' she'd do it full out."

The last group decision Moore went along with was ending the show. "All those wonderful people wanted to try their wings in other mediums," she says, "and I had to respect that and also take from that my cue to be a little brave myself. After a few weeks of saying, 'Ohmigod, what will happen to us all?' I cheerfully agreed, too, that it was best to end the show on a high." The last new episode aired on March 19, 1977, and marked both a happy and sad occasion all over the country. Sad, of course, because it was the end of this fresh, original show, and happy because it was, as always, funny.

In that Emmy Award-winning final episode—titled simply "The Last Show"—a new station manager is brought in to boost ratings, and he fires the entire newsroom staff, with the ironic exception of the inept anchor, Ted. After 23 minutes on an emotional roller-coaster, the characters prepare to leave the newsroom for the last time. Instinctively, they clutch each other for support, and spontaneously they start singing "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." In that huddle, Moore remembers, every actor's vision "was blurred with tears." After they shuffle out the door together, Mary returns to shut off the light.

Thus ended production of what Winship calls "one of the first sitcoms to show people in real human relationships."

Today, the show's creators insist their intentions were never ideological. "I remember going around defending the show to feminist groups who really wanted to control it," says co-creator Brooks. "We

Clinging together, the WJM team left the newsroom for the last time on March 19, 1977.





ADAM SCULL/GLOBE PHOTOS

always took the position that these were our characters, nobody else's, and they weren't part of a movement and they didn't represent women. But we certainly got great episodes out of Mary reacting to the times she lived in."

Moore agrees. "We never got on a soapbox and made any declarative statements about any issues," she says. "If they evolved, they evolved slowly out of the writers' goodness and vision. I don't think we ever did a show on the subject of feminism."

Since its departure from prime time in 1977, *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* has gone into syndication (minus three minutes per episode, which were cut to accommodate more commercials). The show is still going strong in markets around the world.

Moore earned acclaim, and an Oscar nomination, for her role as the stony mother in the film *Ordinary People* (1980) and won a special 1980 Tony Award for her performance in *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* on Broadway. At about the same time,

Mary Tyler Moore (third from left), feted by the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation in March 1990, was joined by Ed Asner, Nancy Walker, Gavin MacLeod, Betty White, Eileen Heckart and Cloris Leachman. "The best thing you can do," Moore says, "is surround yourself with talented people."

however, she suffered a series of personal setbacks, including the 1980 death of her only child, Richard Meeker, 24, from a self-inflicted gunshot wound. That same year she discovered she had diabetes. (Today she is the international chairperson of the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation.) In 1981 she and Tinker were divorced after 18 years of marriage.

Moore's failed attempts to repeat her huge TV success—with the variety shows *Mary* (1978) and *The Mary Tyler Moore Hour* (1979) and the sitcoms *Mary* (1985) and *Annie McGuire* (1988)—have soured her on the medium. "I will never do a television series again," she says now. "The way networks think and the way they schedule things is beyond me—it

kills me." The only way she'd come back to TV, she says, is if she is "given some say-so in what the time period is going to be—up front."

Today Moore, 53, stays busy with TV movies, including the upcoming *The Last Best Year of My Life* for ABC and *Thanksgiving Day* for NBC. When she is not acting, she can often be found on the 30-acre farm she and her third husband own in Dutchess County, N.Y. (She wed Dr. Robert Levine, a cardiologist 16 years her junior, in November 1983.) "I've gotten involved in gardening and growing vegetables," she says. "I still haven't learned to cook, but I make a hell of a salad."

No matter what the future holds, it is likely that she will always be best known, and best loved, for her classic series. The inscription that Grant Tinker wrote for a plaque says it best. Hanging on the wall of Stage 2 at the MTM/CBS lot, it reads simply: "On this stage a company of loving and talented friends produced a television classic. *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* 1970-1977."

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The Music Goes Round and Round

By Owen Edwards



consider 1949 the year the great American teen-ager was invented; it was in the spring of that year that RCA introduced the music-buying public to a wafer-thin plastic disc not quite seven inches in diameter. Looking like a large, flat doughnut, the 45-rpm record carried up to five minutes of music per side; in a marketing flourish bordering on eccentricity, the color of its plastic corresponded, as a press release attempted to explain, to "the psychological and aesthetic color connotation of the type of music represented." Classical selections were ruby red, semiclassical was midnight blue. Bluegrass, of course, was green. But as things turned out, the color most lovingly embraced was basic black. That was the color of pop, and teen-agers bought pop singles—about a dollar apiece—by the score. As black became their universal hue, 45-rpm records became a symbol of a time and a generation.

The design of the thing was a teen dream come true. Though easily warped by heat, the 45 was otherwise as durable as it was unpretentious, the flip side of the brittle, easily scratched 78-rpm record that generations of parents had warned their offspring not to touch. Better yet, the pudgy (1½ inches in diameter) spindle of 45-rpm players could hold a stack of up to eight records and could drop them, one by

one, onto the turntable without damage or incident—meaning nonstop dancing for up to 40 minutes with a welcome change of pace every four or five. Every kid could be his own mix-and-match disc jockey.

Alas, for all its self-evident satisfactions, the jolly little 45's fate was sealed even before its birth. Seven months earlier, CBS's resident genius, Peter Goldmark, had invented the 33⅓-rpm long-playing record.

Also virtually indestructible, the LP, as it was known, could play more than 40 minutes per side, a considerable advance over previous formats and particularly advantageous for classical music. Thus, while I and thousands like me could not have faced the agonies of teenhood without our brave new whirlers, the product was undermined by the LP—and laid virtually to rest by the audio cassette.

Now, 40 years later, we find ourselves firmly in thrall to another compact disc, *the* compact disc. Developed jointly by Sony and Philips in the early 80's, it is more popularly known as the CD. Last year, for the first time, CDs outsold LPs, signaling the end of grooved music (*groovy* music died in the 60's). Earlier this year, some chain stores stopped carrying LPs altogether.

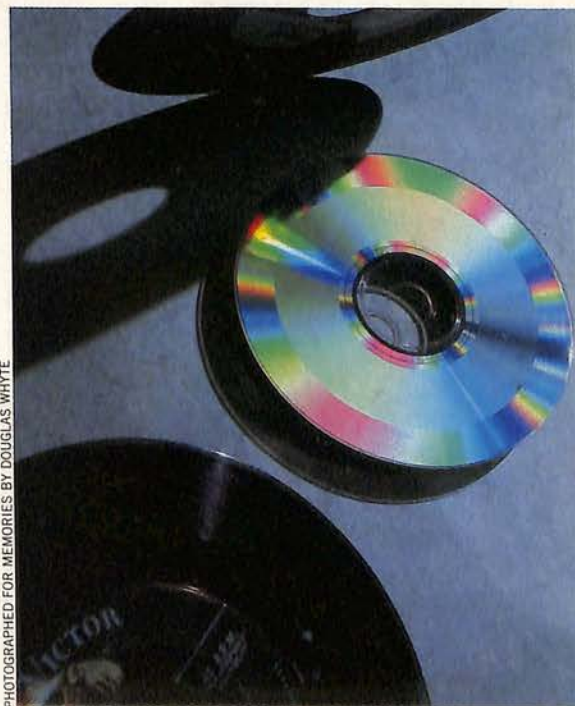
To hold a CD in one hand and a 45 in the other is to understand how much two objects can resemble one another yet how different they can be. The CD is smaller than the 45, under five inches in diameter, but can hold more than an hour's worth of music. Its underside—on which the music is recorded—is a mysteriously

smooth mirror with a rainbow glow, hauntingly echoing the Lifesaver-chic color coding of the first 45s.

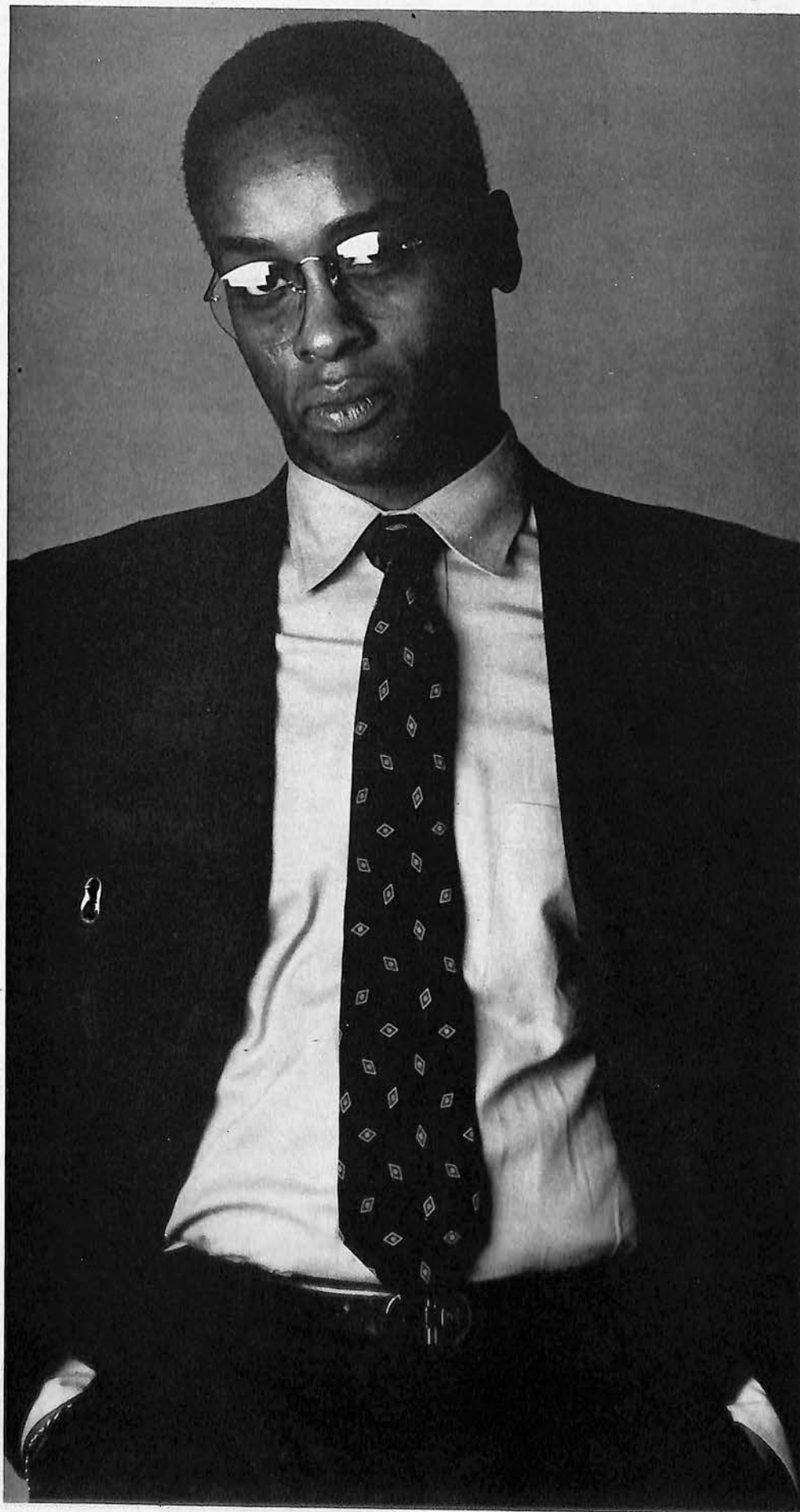
Unless you're up to advanced nerd-think, don't ask how the CD works. Suffice to say, sounds have somehow been implanted beneath the transparent surface of the disc in the binary language of computers, to be read by a laser beam and instantaneously translated back into music. When it comes to revolutions per minute, the CD is in the fast lane, with a dizzying spin that varies from 300 to 500 rpm. Unlike the languorous 45s, which we could observe doing their friendly work, most CD players swallow the disc and hide it, as if it were a classified document. And, while CDs are astonishing, it's hard to imagine rifling through them as we did our 45s.

Befitting the times, the CD is hard-edged, brilliant and remote, giving no hint of how it does what it does, thereby intimidating us, its users, even as it produces flawless sound. Fats Domino may still find his thrill on Blueberry Hill, but which of us can dance to our CD fill? Perhaps we'd better just put on something New Age and sit back with a bag of microwave popcorn.

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An Exemplary Fellow

By Frances FitzGerald

For this department a distinguished writer is asked to read the magazine's contents before publication and to comment, elaborate or take issue with them.

NGUYEN CAO KY. THE NAME EVOKES memories of Saigon in 1966 more vivid to me than my memories of last year—and at the same time a moment in history that seems almost as distant as the Merovingian period. When college students these days ask me why the U.S. committed ground troops to Vietnam in 1965, I find myself having to reconstruct an entire mental universe that no longer exists: the Sino-Soviet bloc, the domino theory, Khrushchev's threat of wars of national liberation, Munich, Pearl Harbor, McCarthyism, Manifest Destiny and an American Army triumphant since 1812. Such a reconstruction is a necessity, for if you try to tell students about Vietnam in 1965 without it, they, who have seen only Grenada, Lebanon and Panama on TV, will shake their heads in disbelief.

When the U.S. Marines landed in March 1965, the American-supported government in Saigon was going down to defeat. It was losing a battalion and a district capital a week, and the coastal cities were erupting in chaos as the steel net closed around them. Gen. William Westmoreland deployed the Marines directly to the Danang air base in order to prevent the military linchpin of Central Vietnam from falling to the Communists. Arrayed against the government of South Vietnam—and now against the American troops—was one of the best armies fielded since World War II: a formidable guerrilla force, composed largely of South Vietnamese, and behind it, in North Vietnam, a regular army, fresh and not yet committed to battle. Thus far the struggle for the South had been more a political struggle than an all-out war. The South Vietnamese government had lost that struggle be-

cause, wholly subsidized by the United States, it had never seriously attempted to win over the peasantry and create a base of support in the countryside. Politically the war was a war of something against nothing, and the perfect exemplar of that nothingness was the rise to power of Nguyen Cao Ky.

Ky knew only piloting. Born in North Vietnam, he had spent the last two years of



Ky accepted his status as a figurehead until LBJ's embrace fostered dreams of glory.

the French-Indochina war training in France and was married to a Frenchwoman. He was a man suspended in the air between two cultures—an impractical *luftmensch* with a certain glamour. He might have become a great fighter jock. Instead he became commander of the Tan Son Nhut air base at the age of 30, then chief of the air force, then prime minister of South Vietnam at 34. His rise through the ranks was not, however, quite as meteoric as it looks on paper. In the early 60's the South Vietnamese air force consisted of a few pilots, a handful of tiny Sky-raidors and some training aircraft. The air

force had no military importance—American pilots flew air support for the ARVN—but it had some political import because it could command the routes the army generals took when they moved into Saigon for a coup. By June 1965, Nguyen Cao Ky had participated in one coup, two demi-coups and one counter-coup—in the course of which he had twice threatened to bomb Saigon. He never did bomb Saigon—or Hanoi, for that matter—but when he suddenly became chief executive of the new junta, U.S. officials thought him irresponsible and even dangerous.

By the time I arrived in Saigon in February 1966, U.S. officials were speaking of Ky with new-found respect. ("This young man who is maturing so rapidly in office . . .") Delighted with the unexpected stability of Ky's government, President Lyndon Johnson invited him to Honolulu and enfolded him in a great Johnsonian bear hug. That hug proved fatal to governmental stability and to Ky's political career. As we journalists later discovered, the reason Ky had held office for eight months was that with the arrival of the American troops and the prospect that the war would continue, the ARVN corps and division commanders had worked out a system for sharing power and dividing the spoils. The ingenious part of it was that they had chosen as their chief executive the one general who they felt confident lacked the capacity to take power himself. Ky had accepted his figurehead status until the Johnson hug allowed him to dream dreams of glory. A month after the Honolulu conference he fired the commander of the First Corps with the assumption that the U.S. would back him up. The U.S. did back him up: American pilots and American planes flew his Marines to Danang and back. But Ky's action had provoked not only a governmental crisis but a political uprising in the coastal cities that lasted for six months and took the ARVN in Central Vietnam out of the war for almost a year.

Poor Ky! He was a naïve. He was not corrupt, and possibly he never understood that what held the ARVN together until 1975 was the system of corruption it had established. Ky may never have a memorial built for him in Vietnam, but we American journalists who arrived in Vietnam in 1965-66 will never forget him. Indeed, we owe him a debt of gratitude, for it was the very sight of his improbable figure that gave some of us our first doubts about American policy and the war in Vietnam.

FRANCES FITZGERALD is the author of *Cities on a Hill* and *Fire in the Lake: The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam*, for which she won a Pulitzer Prize.

Comic Turns



Charlie Chaplin (with Charles Insley and Billy Armstrong), 1915



Jack Benny, 1941



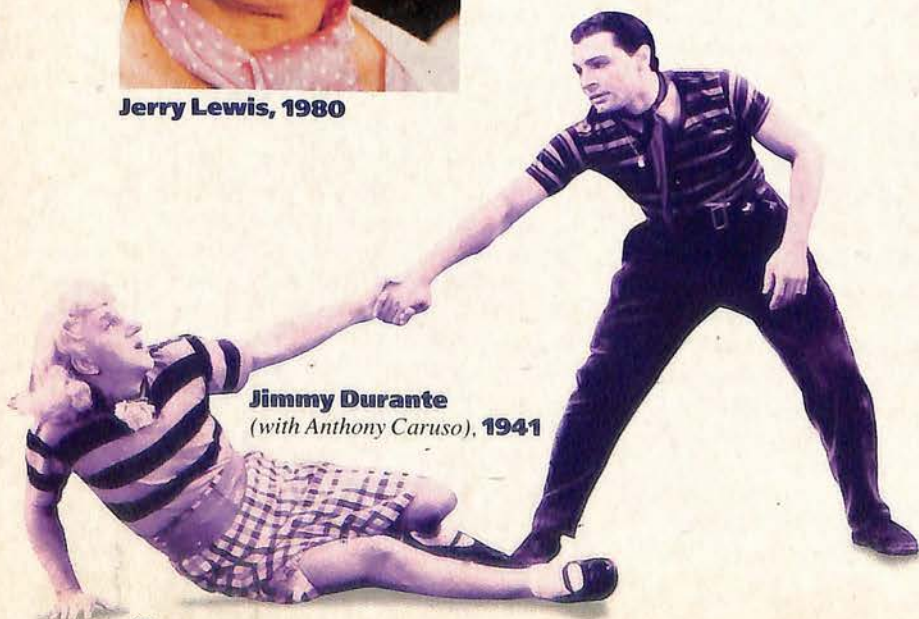
Joe E. Brown, 1942



Jerry Lewis, 1980



Red Skelton, 1944



Jimmy Durante (with Anthony Caruso), 1941



Ben Turpin, 1926

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